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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mémoires du Maréchal Ney, Duc d'Elchingen, Prince de la Moskova. Publiés par sa Famille. 8vo. Tomes I. et II. Londres, 1833. E. Ball.

Memoirs of Marshal Ney, &c. (English Translation.) Id.

THESE two volumes contain a memoir of the brave, the celebrated, and, in the end, the unfortunate Marshal Ney, and are the foundation of a literary and lasting monument raised to his memory by the affections of his family. They treat of the events of his brilliant career, from his birth at Sarrelouis (afterwards, in republican days, called Sarrelibre), of humble parents, January 10, 1769, to the capitulation of Ulm in 1805. Of course they are chiefly filled with details of the early battles of the French revolution, the campaigns in Belgium and on the Rhine, and afterwards on the Danube and in Switzerland; in which Pichegru, Jourdan, Kleber, Bernadotte, Brune, Hoche, and others who acted so conspicuous a part in this wonderful drama, took their first steps to distinction and power.

These accounts, perhaps, have not much to renew the dread interest once attached to them, though absolutely necessary in the life of one who shone so illustriously among the brave warriors who bled and conquered in so many bloody fields. Among the foremost of the band ever was Ney, inasmuch that "the Bravest of the Brave" became his title of honour. And, throughout his services, it does appear that he was equally marked by integrity and all the good qualities of a soldier, as by courage and conduct in action. Many instances are cited of his repressing pillage and disorder among his troops, and throwing the shield of his protection over the inhabitants of districts unhappily exposed to the calamities of war.

It is not within our province to attempt a philosophical analysis of his character, either as a man or a military commander; but we may truly say, that for natural parts, and the higher qualifications of humanity, he was not surpassed by many of his compeers. And having so said, we will make two or three extracts to illustrate these opinions and the style of the work; which, as may be supposed, is sufficiently favourable to its subject, to his friend Buonaparte, and to France and Frenchmen in general. Ney's personal character is thus delineated:—

"It is well known with what extraordinary energy and power he manœuvred large masses of soldiers, and brought them to bear upon the enemy. Bold and impetuous when he led his troops to a charge, still he evinced the most imperturbable coolness and presence of mind. Many persons, dazzled by the splendour of his extraordinary courage, have overlooked his other qualities as a commander; but they who have served under him will relate other things of him than those mere bursts of enthusiastic valour by which the common soldiers were captivated, and led on to the most dangerous

assaults. Calm amid showers of grape-shot, unmoved by the most terrific discharges of artillery, by the balls which dealt death and destruction around him, Ney appeared unconscious of the danger,—he seemed as if he bore a charmed life. This calm rashness, which twenty years of peril did not overcome, gave to his mind that freedom of thought, that promptitude of decision and execution, so necessary amid the complicated manœuvres of war and battle. This surprised the officers under his command still more than that courage of action in which they all shared. One of the latter, a man of tried valour, asked him one day if he had ever been afraid; thus summing up in a single word that profound indifference to danger, that forgetfulness of death, that tension of mind, and that mental labour so necessary to a general-in-chief upon the field of battle. 'I have never had time,' was the marshal's reply. This indifference, however, did not prevent him from noticing in others those slight shades of weakness from which very few soldiers are wholly exempt. An officer was one day making a report to him; a cannon-ball passed so close to them, that the officer bent his head as if by instinct to avoid it; nevertheless, he continued his report without betraying any emotion. 'Very well,' said the marshal; 'but another time don't make so low a bow.'

We have heard this story told of others; but it is cool enough for a hundred commanders. Of Ney's consideration of the people it is stated—

"Warring only with armies, and respecting the inhabitants of the countries through which he passed, and whom he considered already unfortunate enough in having the territories they inhabited made the seat of war, the marshal defended such countries against the wants of his soldiers, and the injustice of their own rulers. Inexorable towards those who took advantage of the disorder of conquest to oppress the natives, he was more than once obliged to exercise the utmost vigilance, and display a necessary severity in repressing such abuses. Not that such things were of frequent occurrence. Honour and delicacy generally accompanied the French armies; and if complaints were sometimes made, it was because they who bear the burdens of war are apt to exaggerate their sufferings, often increased by the avidity and selfishness of their own rulers. Doubtless there are many extortions which cannot be avoided. The soldier is a burden to the individual upon whom he is billeted; detachments sometimes pilfer rations from the villages in which they are quartered; and vanguards now and then take a few heads of cattle from the owners. But this is merely striking the surface of the water; the rulers of these countries alone draw it off—war offers them none but lucky chances. They impose contributions, and shamelessly rob those whose interests they are bound to defend. If complaints are made—if there is any deficiency in the supplies, the enemy is there to bear the blame;—the enemy

has given orders which must be obeyed. It is still worse when a country passes under a new domination. Some of the former rulers cloak their own robberies under an exaggeration of the burdens they have borne; others magnify these burdens in order to obtain indemnities. And in justice we must add, that if exactions which the French officers had not made, were sometimes imputed to them, they were, on the other hand, often taxed with spoliation of which they were really guilty. But in such cases, punishment never failed to overtake the offending parties, no matter who they were. A general officer, whose opinions on the rights of conquest were such as to remove more than ordinary scruples, had appropriated to his own use two horses which had struck his fancy. The peasant to whom they belonged, and whose whole fortune they constituted, complained to Ney. The marshal, in a severe and peremptory order, commanded that they should forthwith be returned to the owner. The officer at first refused. He next endeavoured to substitute a couple of bad horses for the valuable ones he had taken; then, altering his mind, he complained of the harshness of the marshal's order.

'If my order appears strange to you,' wrote Ney, 'what must I think of your obstinacy in keeping that which does not belong to you? Your mode of acting does not suit me, and I have applied for your recall. You will no doubt be soon removed to another division; but, in the meantime, you must restore the horses.' The following will give an idea of the severity with which the marshal visited these shameful robberies. It is a letter which he addressed to another general officer, who was apt to forget the difference between that which did, and that which did not belong to him, but who in other respects was an able and valuable officer. 'I cannot but express to you, my dear general, my surprise at your now stating that it was only at St. John's, on your march upon Salzburg, that your secretary left you to negotiate the Botzen bills; whereas, at Greusbranth, you pledged your word of honour to me that you would remit seventy-five thousand francs to the paymaster (being the amount of these bills, together with the sums you received in cash), the moment your aide-de-camp returned, who had left Botzen for Basle. You have not answered the letter which I requested General Dutailis to write to you on this subject; and you avoided seeing me when you passed through Clagenfurth. All this justifies my suspecting your good faith, until I am certain that you have fulfilled that which is most sacred to a military man—I mean his word of honour. I have hitherto deferred laying the matter before the emperor, in consideration of the services you have rendered during the present campaign; and in the hope that you would not—to use your own words—destroy, for the sake of money, the good opinion which people ought to entertain of your delicacy. But I now declare to you, general, that I will lay the whole affair before his majesty, unless, in six days from the present date, you fulfil your promise,

either by paying in the sum, or by sending to the *casse* your acknowledgment for the amount. I beg also to inform you, that your name is upon the list of gratuities granted by the emperor; that your gratuity amounts to eight thousand florins; and that this sum shall be carried to your account as part of the payment which you are bound to make.' These two generals were thus forced to disgorge their plunder; and neither forgot or forgave Ney's share in the transaction. The one shewed his recollection of it in the field of battle; and the other during Ney's trial."

One of his dashing exploits is thus related:—

"Ney had seen with indignation the enemy sally forth from their ramparts, crown a redoubt erected in haste, and brave the efforts of the French soldiers. The corps-de-siege was composed of troops partly from the army of the Rhine, and partly from that of Sambre-et-Meuse. Anxious to shew the former how to fight, he assembled a few dragoons, saw that the horses were rough-shod, so that they could not slide upon the ice, and begged a few voltigeurs from the chef-de-bataillon Molitor. 'I am going,' he said to shew you a trick, after the manner of Sambre-et-Meuse.' Having put his voltigeurs in motion, they attacked the redoubt in front, whilst he got on the other side and brought up his dragoons against the pass it defended; but the latter hesitated and dared not follow him, so that he penetrated alone into the redoubt. Surrounded by the enemy, single-handed he cut his way through them, recrossed the ditch, and escaped under a shower of balls; but he received a wound in his arm, the pain of which was increased by the motion of his horse. A species of lock-jaw ensued, and he became restless and desponding; at one moment under the excitement of burning fever, at the next weakened by the sufferings he endured, he refused all surgical aid. His friends, uneasy at the strange turn his disorder had taken, hit upon an expedient to bring him to himself. Having assembled the musicians and young girls of the village, with Kléber and the representative Merlin at their head, they all went in procession to Ney's quarters, and danced the farandolle round his bed. The noise was at first unpleasant to him, but by degrees he joined in the hilarity it occasioned. He then laughed at his gloomy thoughts, and gave up his arm to the surgeons; his only uneasiness being now about the length of time his cure would take—his only anxiety that of knowing how soon he should be able to return and face the enemy. Being informed that he had been appointed general of brigade, this promotion was only a source of uneasiness to him. He did not think he had done enough to merit that rank, and wished to leave it to those who, as he said, had better claims than his. In vain were his scruples laughed at—in vain was he urged to accept the promotion; it was impossible to shake his resistance or overcome his modesty."

Ney was frequently and severely wounded—a fate which gentlemen who storm redoubts by themselves are most likely to encounter. On another occasion he was taken prisoner.

"The French hussars had forced an Austrian column to lay down their arms, but were still stopped by a line of sharpshooters. Anxious to disperse the latter, and drive them from the heights which they occupied, they employed a field-piece to effect this. The Blankenstein hussars, perceiving this fault, hastened to take advantage of it, and returned to the charge supported by the Coburg dragoons. The troops advanced on both sides, fought round the gun,

and both parties struggled for it as the prize to be won. The ground was bad, and the numbers of the Austrians very superior; but Ney succeeded in throwing their ranks into confusion, and they gave way. The French were now in hopes that they would be unable to return to the attack, and were congratulating themselves on their victory, when fresh squadrons came up to the assistance of the Austrians. The republicans were now broken in their turn, and it was in vain for Ney to resist the torrent which swept his forces along. His horse fell, and rolled with him into a ravine. He was covered with bruises and blood; and, to complete his disaster, his sword snapped in twain. The enemy surrounded him, and he had no further hope of escape. He resisted, nevertheless; for he perceived the fourth about to make a fresh charge, and he was anxious to give them time to come to his assistance. He therefore used the stump of his sword, struck, parried, and kept in check the crowd that pressed upon him. Such a struggle could not last long;—the ground was slippery, Ney's foot slid, he fell to the ground, and the Austrians succeeded in seizing him. He was thus made prisoner, and conveyed to Giessen. The fame of his capture had preceded him thither, and every one was eager to behold a man whose deeds seemed fabulous. The women, more particularly, could not imagine how he had dared to resist a whole squadron, and, for a time, with some appearance of success. As they were taking him to head quarters, through a by-street, these fair admirers of courage begged that he might be led through the public square. 'Really,' said an Austrian officer, annoyed at their importunity, 'one would suppose that he was some extraordinary animal.' 'Extraordinary, indeed!' replied one of the ladies, 'since it required a whole squadron of dragoons to take him.' This sally put every one in good humour, and each yielded to the admiration which Ney's heroism inspired; some among the fair Germans calling to mind his valour on one occasion—others the humanity and disinterestedness with which he always treated the people he conquered. Ney was received at the Austrian head-quarters in a manner worthy of his high reputation. Each condescended with him on his mishap, and on the vicissitudes of war. But the conversation soon turned on battles and military manœuvres; and the prisoner was discussing each general's share of merit, when he perceived his horse, with an Austrian upon its back. The animal seemed weak, lazy, and obstinate; in spite of the spur, it would not advance. Ney exclaimed against the awkwardness of the rider, and was answered by a joke about the worthlessness of the animal. An officer jestingly proposed to purchase it; and its points and capabilities seeming matter of doubt, Ney approached it. 'I will shew you,' said he, 'the value of my horse.' An opening was immediately made; Ney sprang upon the saddle, and taking the direction of the French army, soon left in the rear those who accompanied or followed him. The horse which had appeared so powerless to the Austrians, carried him off like the wind, and he was near escaping; but the trumpets sounded, and the heavy and light cavalry rode off, and soon stopped up every issue. Ney then turned back, and with equal celerity reached the spot where the Austrian generals stood agast. 'Well, gentlemen,' he said, 'what think you of the animal now? Is he not worthy of his master?' Their scattered squadrons sufficiently proved the affirmative. A little confused at their mistake, they henceforth

guarded their prisoner more carefully, and took care not to jest again about his horse."

With this characteristic description we conclude; only noticing, that through the kind offices of Josephine, Ney was united to an excellent wife in 1800, when, notwithstanding all his victories and opportunities, his fortune was extremely limited; which, among other proofs, was a noble one, that in war and peace, fine and honourable traits distinguished his active and adventurous life.

Traditional Stories of Old Families, and Legendary Illustrations of Family History; with Notes, Historical and Biographical. By Andrew Picken, author of the "Dominie's Legacy," &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

Of the design of this work we cordially approve; and are sure if the author will only take time and look well about him, he may make as interesting a series of family and legendary stories as the reader for entertainment could desire. But he must not hurry on, without consulting the curious data which abound on such subjects as he has undertaken to illustrate; and he must not exercise invention too much in a publication, the title of which teaches us to expect ancient material and memorable tradition. We are induced to enter this caveat, because we do not think that "The Priors of Lawford," a tale which occupies above 250 pages of the second volume, whatever may be its merits in other respects, comes within the scope and spirit of the plan as announced by the author.

The origin of the Hays, the union of the families of Halliday and Macdonald, the anecdotes and feuds of the Forbeses and Gordons, the "Three Maids of Loudon," and "the Johnstons of Fairly"—all the other pieces—are consistent with the design; and we only regret that such a slice out of the "Dominie's Legacy" should have been found necessary to eke out the volumes.

The style adopted by Mr. Picken may be designated as "Galt's Scotch;" that is, Doric enough, but also marked by the coinage of words and phrases, the meaning of which is tolerably obvious, but which in fact belong to no language under the sun. Where, for example, could we hear of the "prudencies" of a father, or the "sexualities" of a lover, except in writings of this class?

Many of the notes relate to remarkable events; and the tales we have enumerated are various and amusing. The "Johnstons of Fairly" is the most descriptive of rustic manners, and the most highly wrought in tragic incident. Mr. Picken succeeds best in the latter; for, in spite of his apology, we are deeply affected by the finale of this pathetic drama, though we cannot laugh at the homely scenes of vulgar merriment. They have, however, the merit of being cleverly represented, and with truth to old customs.

It is difficult to quote from a production of this kind—we shall, however, begin with a sample of the notes.

"Forbes of Pitnacaddel and his many eccentricities are still celebrated by tradition in Strathdon. The laird was religiously inclined, and taking on to college education in his youth, besides being proprietor of a good estate, he became the minister of his own parish. But being, like King David, a valiant man, he determined that his clerical duties should not interfere with the 'rights and reasons' of a highland laird; and he insisted on preaching in the full costume of the clan—phibeg and

all, with a great basket-hilted sword by his side. When taken to task for this innovation upon the regular canonicals of John Calvin—the time being long before the disarming act—he defended his conduct by three reasons, which were the following:—1st. That though a preacher, he was a gentleman, and so entitled to wear arms, whenever and wherever he pleased. 2d. That he carried a sword because he knew how to use it; and 3d. That if any one doubted these premises, they might put him to the proof whenever they chose. Such reasoning as this was decisive in the Highlands, especially when backed by ‘college lair’ and a strong arm; and it appears to have been more successful than his assertions in his clerical calling; for, being an ultra Calvinist, even unto the borders of Antinomianism, in inveighing from the pulpit against the heretical doctrine of ‘good works,’ he is said to have exclaimed, ‘Ye will be doing! Fatt the deil can ye do?—do! and be damned!’”

Our next extract is from that tale where an earl's daughter marries below her station—a farmer's handsome son, Jamie Johnston of Fairly; and misery ensues from the ill-assorted true-love match. In her happier period she is thus observed:

“It was harvest-time, and the fields were gay with reapers, and rich with shocks of new-cut corn. We drew near to the house, and watched about. Presently a young woman issued from the back door, followed by a little girl carrying a large wooden picher. ‘Can that be,’ said I, ‘the walk of a common peasant lass? for, whoever she is, she steps out with the grace and ease of a queen!’ and yet the female's apron was up, appearing filled with something bulky, and in her left hand she bore also a small vessel. We observed further, and looked on with astonishment: it was Lady Barbara herself, carrying to the fields the reapers' dinner. Though freckled with the sun, and having a care-worn look, she was a healthy, and handsomer than ever I had seen her; and, though engaged in this humble and almost menial service, she still carried the high crest of an earl's daughter. There was no affectation of finery about her. Her rich dark hair was parted on her forehead, and knotted high behind, with a velvet snood, like the common maidens of her country. A plain lawn kerchief, covering her shoulders, was crossed modestly on her bosom, instead of the velvet and pearls that had once blazed from it, with costly magnificence; and her person, now setting into a married woman's fulness, was clad in plain gingham, like a decent farmer's wife. We watched behind the hedge with beating bosoms; for the recollections of childhood and the yearnings of nature began to come over the heart even of her hard and artificial sister; and as for me, sympathy and interest for the young lady almost filled my eyes with tears, to see her thus strangely situated. The reapers gathered round her when she came to the end of the rigs—not a rabble of ragged Irish, as in latter days have come a vermin over our Scottish plains; but blithe and brawny lads and lasses of our ain kind, with light hearts and industrious hands, with whom it was no degradation to sit and eat upon a harvest field. Bless the recollection! It was a perfect picture, to see them all seated beside the shocks of corn, and Lady Barbara, like a modest queen, distributing round to them their simple food—most gratefully and respectfully received from hands like hers. She sat down beside her husband on some sheaves of corn; and when he took off his hat, to ask a blessing

on the repast, his thick black hair clustering round his sunburnt temples, and wiped with his sleeve the healthy perspiration from his brow, and looked fondly and gratefully in his Barbara's face, as he took the bread and milk from her hands—I thought I never saw a handsomer rustic pair. They ate their meal with a pleasant countenance, and did not discourage the joke and jeer of rustic fun, that went round among the reapers; and as the latter rose to return to their work, I saw a tear steal down Barbara's cheek, as, with some strange emotion, she gazed upon her husband; while, when the reapers had gone, he placed his arm kindly round her waist, as if to acknowledge, in love and kindness, that this was a moment of real happiness.”

Soon, however, does it vanish,—the lady is seduced from her husband and child, and for a season leads a life of dishonour. And here is the contrast:—

“James Johnston went about the cauld rigs of the mailing, a perfect object of broken-down manhood, suffering, and despondency. The only consolation he appeared to take in life was in the nursing and tending of his little daughter. But Providence, in its mystery, seemed to have set its mark upon him; for even this last tie to the world was threatened next to be torn out of his shattered heart. The winter time had set in cauld and grim, and a lonely blackness seemed to brood over the neighbourhood of leafless Carloghie, when, one dark night, towards the middle watches, a solitary figure of a woman came stealing towards the farm-house of Green Braes. She was dressed richly for a pedestrian; yet there was in her appearance and manner an air of wild and reckless dilapidation. She sought the window where she saw a light burning. I need not say this was the once handsome and proud Lady Barbara of Carloghie. With hesitating steps and rising emotion, she drew near to the little window. There was no screen, and she looked in as well as her blinded eyes would allow her. She saw her child lying on the bed, and James gazing in its flushed face; sometimes murmuring out a sob of sorrow, and then wetting with a feather the child's parched lips. He rose, and walked about the room, wringing his hands in silence. Suddenly he muttered something, with his eyes turned upwards, as if in ejaculation for the soul of his daughter; and then, his voice rising as his feelings became impassioned, he broke out into a loud and heart-cutting lamentation. ‘Oh! if your misguided mother but saw you now, Mary Johnston,’ he said, ‘this sight might, perhaps, melt her cruel heart. But she is far away, with them that never loved her as I have done; and now thou art her last saddest remembrancer, and cold death's creeping up to thy young heart—and I am a bereft and broken-hearted man.’ He stopped suddenly, choked by his sorrow, and thought he heard a noise without. It was Barbara groping agitatedly for the latch of the door. The sounds were low, but became sharp and abrupt, and the door moved as if the walking spirit of death sought hasty admission. In another instant the figure of a female wanderer stood before him, and the pale and haggard countenance of his own Barbara appeared, by the dim light of the small lamp, more like a deadly ghost than a living being. ‘It is indeed Barbara herself,’ she said, after gazing long and sadly in his altered countenance, come to lay her head beneath your feet, James Johnston, if ye'll only let me acknowledge I've been your ruin, and kiss my bonnie bairn before she dies.’ ‘The Lord prepare me for this trial!’

he said, staggering back to a seat: ‘Babby, is it you come to me at this dread hour, when I called upon your spirit? Ye've wronged me sair, Lady Barbara; but I can refuse you nothing. There, in that bed, is your dying bairn.’ It would have melted a heart of the rock adamant to hear the sobbing screams of bitter grief with which the broken-hearted mother and unfortunate lady bent over the face of her expiring child. ‘James Johnston,’ she said, turning to her groaning husband, ‘ye'll no put me out at this door, till my puir bairn wins to her last rest.’ ‘Till the breath's out of Mary's body,’ said James, ‘ye may sit there and greet by her side; but ye've done us bitter wrong, Lady Babby, as ye truly say; and another night ye shall never abide under my roof.’ The two parents sat and watched the dying child, and, at times, between their sobs of sorrow, stole a nameless look at each other's faces. At length, in the darkest hour that comes before the break of the morning, the pretty bairn gasped its last, and was relieved from the troubles of an uncertain world. Nothing was said—nothing *could* be spoken, as the women that waited without came in to compose the limbs of the child. ‘It's over now, and my deed's done,’ said Lady Barbara, rising. ‘It is not fit that I should sit longer in an honest man's house.’ With a steady step she walked towards the door; and, ere the light of morning had opened out fairly upon the breaking sky, her figure had vanished beyond the fields of the farm, and no one inquired whither she went.

“The Fairly kirkyard, where Mary Johnston was buried, is pleasantly situated a little above the Ruar Water, where the bridge crosses off towards Carloghie Castle. On the night after the funeral, James Johnston was a restless man; and when his friends looked in his pale face and wandering eye, they shook their heads, and said that it would be well if nothing fearful should happen. When the darkness came on, however, he found himself unable to stay in his house, and made his way towards the kirkyard, to try to get relief by indulging his sorrow o'er his daughter's grave. It was dark as pitch by the time he entered the little stile; and, groping among the tombstones, he could not readily find the spot where his bairn lay. He had just found the green mould and the loose sods, when, seating himself down upon a broad stone, he saw something move between himself and the starless sky, but quite near, on the other side of the grave. ‘Who is there?’ he called out, with some terror. ‘Is there any one watching in this dreary kirkyard that can have griefs to bear equal to mine?’ ‘Deeper, deeper, and sadder far, James Johnston!’ said a faint woman's voice: ‘for the grief of guilt, and the bitterness of shame, are a heavier load on the crushed heart than aught that can come of fair misfortune. But keep up your mind: you suffer not at least the pangs of remorse for having brought the virtuous into calamity.’ ‘Barbara,’ he said, affected into mildness by her penitent speech, ‘I wish you had not come here, from wherever you came, to interrupt my communion with the harmless dead. My wounds are o'er green, and my mind o'er distraught, for meeting you so soon after what has happened.’ She sobbed bitterly as he spoke, but replied not, and both sat over the grave weeping in silence. ‘Will you not go, Lady Barbara?’ he said impatiently. ‘You deserted me for those you loved better, when our bairn was in health, and my blood was warm towards you. Now the one lies

cold at our feet, and the other is frozen to hope and the world; and you come here to embitter and disturb my most painful thoughts.' She still did not seem able to make a reply, and the dead silence of the solitary churchyard was only broken at intervals by her continued sobs. 'Woman,' he said, 'know you what you have done to me and mine? Know you what ruin you have brought upon a whole family? I will not call you adulteress, though well I might. Hence, unnatural mother, from this sacred spot! Your stains are too black, your conduct too foul, to be recounted here among sinless mortality!' 'Reproach and upbraid on, for I well deserve it,' she said: 'I have wronged you, I know—irreparably wronged you, and ruined my own soul; but we have met here alone, o'er a common sorrow. I troubled not your house when my child was confined; I stood behind backs like a stranger when her dear corpse passed me by: I watched behind the wall when she was laid in the clay. May I not be suffered here, in darkness and solitude, to weep tears of remorse on her innocent grave?' The plaintive tones of her well-known voice seemed to pierce him through: he gave a slight shudder as he looked across to her by the dim star-light, and set his feet firmly against the infant's grave. 'I do not bid you go,' he said, in a changed tone; 'you may weep with me, if you will, o'er the cold remains of the last tie that I had to this earth.' 'And these ties I have been the means of breaking!' she almost screamed. 'Oh, James! if I should never speak to you more, let me now give words to my deep repentance, not for the misery I have brought upon myself, but for the woe and shame I have wrought to you, in requital for all your generous love: nay, do not interrupt me, but hear what I have to say; for, for this, and to bless my dying child, I have travelled, in shame and grief, from the farthest end of the kingdom; for this moment of penitent humility before you, who have loved me in the only happy days I ever knew, ere I fell into the snare of a villain and my own proud heart, I have encountered degradation and poverty to the utmost point, and am now a spectacle and an outcast from all that were dear to me. Oh, James Johnston! she went on, kneeling in agony on her child's grave, 'if ever you loved me before I made you wretched—if ever you thought towards me a kindly thought—if ever I was in better days your wedded wife, and lay by your side in peace and innocence,—receive now the assurance of my everlasting penitence for all the wrong I have done to you and yours, and for the pain I have inflicted on your generous heart. I ask not you to forgive me; I ask never to speak to you in kindness more; but I ask you to believe, whatever may happen, that your poor Barbara, whatever she has done, never in reality loved any but you,—never knew what true misery was until that fatal hour she deserted you and her child.'"

We will not go farther to anticipate the dénouement; but, simply stating that we do not think much of the "pretty blushing lambkins" the Three Maids of London, and that there are a few anachronisms to be amended, leave Mr. Picken to the public, whom he has so anxiously endeavoured to propitiate, and, we trust, to a long and successful career in this line of popular production.

Old Bailey Experience: Criminal Jurisprudence and the actual Working of our Penal Code of Laws. Also, an Essay on Prison Discipline; to which is added, a History of the Crimes committed by Offenders in the present day. By the Author of "The Schoolmaster's Experience in Newgate." 8vo. pp. 447. London, 1833. Fraser.

Of this volume, which has much both curious and grave to recommend it to public attention, we shall now say little: 1st, because many of the questions it raises are of the first importance to society, and cannot be discussed in a journal like ours, except in separate articles; and, 2dly, because the mass of information, illustrated by facts, is so great, that a leviathan periodical would be obliged to mutilate, instead of review, in this instance.

The title led us to anticipate a style of writing of which we are no great admirers, notwithstanding a degree of popularity which attends it. We allude to powerfully minute details, and dwelling upon morbid parts, which the good taste (and in our opinion, good sense) of preceding authors, whose works have come down to us, either entirely repudiated or employed very sparingly to strengthen their pictures. Sterne's captive exemplified his generalisation; but was not the staple of his beautiful enforcement of humanity.

Now-a-days it is not unusual to find authors addressing a civilised class of readers, go upon the principle of the American savage, who not only tortures his prisoner to death, but tells you every refinement of the cruelty, and luxuriates upon every disgusting consequence to shrinking nature. And this is natural—that is, not out of truth—but truth is not to be told at all times; in cases of choice for descriptive writing it ought not to be told at all in its painful particulars. Every gasp and glare of a horrid death-bed; every gurgle and sigh of a drowning wretch; every writhing and contortion of a murder; every feeling and degradation of a vice, are not to be minutely as the true representations of genius, though genius may touch the canvass with them: such force belongs to the apothecary, the old nurse, the Old Bailey witness, and the Old Bailey culprit.

But we are dissertating on what we expected, and in the missing of which we have been agreeably disappointed. This volume relies on no such easy, and, after all, however cleverly done, vulgar clap-traps. It is full of actual observation, but no less able in its application to greater points than the pointing of a tale. There is much sound stuff in it; and the common reader will be much interested, where the legislator will be much instructed. We are not by this encomium pledging ourselves to the whole, for we do differ on certain doctrines; but in most things we agree with the writer; and we look upon him as a powerful auxiliary in a cause which is irresistibly making its way—the ample, positive, and not patch-work reform of our entire legal system—an abomination of ages, expensive, corrupt, inefficient, and oppressive in every court where what is called justice is administered. Let the press, in this respect, join the Lord Chancellor, the Solicitor-general (though he has flagged sadly, it might be from political considerations? which obliged him to delay his good intents), and the public sentiment; and, by giving it expression, the many-headed monster will soon be like its prototype in the fairy tales.

We can only quote a passage or two from the volume before us. On the effects of executions the author remarks:—

"Death is at all times terrible, but must be more so when it is violent and disgraceful: most who suffer are frightened when it draws near their last hour; but fear is not penitence, nor is it repentance for their sins. The fact is, and it should be generally known to the world, that not one statement in one hundred given to the public, of the conduct and penitence of malefactors who suffer death, is founded in fact; and in this place I may as well explain to the reader how it happens that the world is deceived on this head, and in what manner the public papers are made unconscious instruments in giving circulation to the most abominable falsehoods, on the subject of malefactors and their conduct. Similar causes to those I am about to describe operate in the suppression of truth, and the propagation of falsehoods all over the country."

He goes on to reprobate those melancholy deceptions about extreme penitence, which have always seemed to us to be a terrible encouragement to crime, (the Almighty alone can judge whether they are not fearful on the account of the felons and their comforters), and proceeds to let us into some of the secrets of the dismal prison-house. The condemned are inured in cold, dreadful cells:—

"All men fall in flesh (as well they may) in undergoing this probation to the place of execution or a respite. During the day, however, they are comfortable enough; they are allowed what they like to eat, provided they can pay for it, and it be ready dressed; smoking tobacco and drinking porter is their chief amusement. In this manner is the time spent, whilst awaiting the recorder's report. There is no thought of any preparation for death: some portion of the day is consumed in seeing their friends, which they can only do through a double row of iron rails, leaving a space of about four feet between them, and between which is a keeper. Some of their time, too, is taken up by visitors, who are admitted into the wards where they sit; these are mere visits of curiosity, that the parties may go home and say they have seen the prisoners under sentence of death, in the condemned cells of Newgate. The rest of the day is spent in jollity, and efforts to assist each other in driving away melancholy thoughts, or in playing at five against the wall in the yard. When the report comes down from the council, and any are left for execution, those who are respite are removed into another part of the prison, called the transport-yard, preparatory to their being sent to the hulks. They are all apprised of the day the report is expected, and it may be conceived a day of terrible suspense. In the late reign of George IV., when the king resided at Windsor, it seldom reached the prison before twelve or one o'clock at night, when the ordinary, recorder's clerk, and the sheriff, or some other persons, proceeded to each cell, one by one, and announced to the inmates of it their fate. Strange to say, the majority of them think (or affect to think) very lightly of their situation. On a recent occasion, one man only, out of a number under sentence of death, was left for execution. When he was informed, whilst lying in his cell late at night, that he must prepare for death on a certain day, he, without raising his head, called out, 'All's right! Good night! Shut the door!' The space of time generally allowed for preparation for death, is from five to seven days, during which, as before said, every one is busy in shewing him attention. All who have the power of introducing their friends bring them to see how a man looks who is going to be

hanged; and to ask some questions, the answers to which they may repeat at the next dinner party. What chance, I ask, has the ordinary of composing this man's mind—particularly, when at the same time other ministers interfere? Bacon says, 'It is worthy of observing, that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it mates and masters the fear of death; and, therefore, is no such terrible enemy when a man hath so many attendants about him, that can win the combat of him.' The effect on the malefactor's mind, in consequence of all this attention, is, that he thinks himself a much more important person than men so situated usually are, and he soon persuades himself that his case is one of general commiseration, and that all the gentlemen, notwithstanding their holding out no hopes to him, will yet interest themselves for him, and obtain a respite. This hope sets him to work to frame answers to all the interrogatories put to him, so as to hide his guilt, and make himself out a most ill-used man. The reverend ordinary, whose duty it is to press on him the immediate necessity of preparation, and to tell him that there is no hope for him but in speedily making his peace with God, is considered now his greatest enemy, and looked on as one who delights in furthering the death of his fellow-creatures. Thus the valuable time of the malefactor is wholly wasted in encouraging vain hopes of pardon, in receiving visits, and in efforts to keep up a determined carriage to the last day even, on which he flatters himself it may arrive, and therefore he must not confess. This is the state of mind of nine culprits out of ten until the eve of the fatal morning, when, fatigued, weak, and worn out with his efforts, the mind becomes suddenly depressed with disappointment, corresponding to the condition of the body; he then falls into a state of stupor and insensibility, from which it is almost a cruelty to attempt to rouse him, as it is too late now to make any beneficial religious impression on him. The next morning, when brought out of his cell to be pinioned, you behold a man already half-dead,—his countenance has fallen, his eyes are fixed, his lips are deadly pale and quivering, whilst his whole aspect, in anticipation of the reality, gives you the personification of death's counterpart. Again he is surrounded and interrogated by aldermen, sheriffs, and a party of their friends, who are always called together for the purpose of witnessing the scene, and enjoying a kind of public breakfast, which is prepared on these occasions at the apartments in the Old Bailey Court-house. The fatal moment arrives,—St. Paul's bell, 'that iron-tongued monster,' announces the hour of eight, and the procession moves forward through winding passages to the scaffold erected at the outside, which is opposite the door of the cooking-house of the prison, through which they pass to the steps which lead to the platform. As the procession enters the first passage, the ordinary in a loud and distinct voice, commences reading, 'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord.' A few steps further on, they pass a man, who, with the rope in his hand, is sounding the knell of death on the prison bell: the executioner soon now performs his part, and all is over. I am quite at a loss to account for the number of respectable persons who consent to be brought to witness these horrible scenes. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* Sometimes the affair takes quite another turn, and the malefactor is seized with a phrenzy for death, as being the only road to happiness, when he will smile and talk, as if he were the happiest

man in existence. This effect is brought on by the operation of great excitement on weak minds, under the spiritual tuition of some of the gentlemen who are allowed admittance to introduce fantastical religions, or rather to set up their own hallucinations in the place of religion. Every one who reads the published accounts of executions all over the country, must have been often shocked at the insults offered to soberness and sound judgment in religious matters, by the published accounts of the happy condition of mind in which many malefactors are said to die. I have seen some extraordinary cases of this nature, and am prepared to shew, that such effects ought not to be allowed to be produced on the minds of malefactors, and that such statements ought to be suppressed; it results from fanaticism; and the men who are thus made happy, are generally those of weakest minds, and loaded with the heaviest guilt. They hold out as long as they can, and when driven to the last, plain truth and wholesome doctrine will not carry them to heaven fast enough; these are the subjects for a fanatical preacher."

This interesting point is illustrated at much more length, and in a striking manner; but we must imprison our pen. One quotation more.

"One man, the day before his execution, would treat his fellow-prisoners, who happened to be in the cell-yard at the time, with a dinner, and he ordered a leg of mutton for the entertainment. Of this joint the man so near death ate most voraciously; when he had finished his meal, he said, 'As I am to be hanged for sheep-stealing, I was determined to have a good feast of mutton for my last dinner.' These levities are of frequent occurrence with the low malefactors; but I will close them with relating an instance of what may be termed levity in one of a superior grade of life; Captain M—, who destroyed himself by taking prussic acid a few hours prior to the appointed time for his execution. A day or two before this happened, a gentleman, who took a large interest in his fate, held a conversation with him on the subject of death; the main topic of which was, of the manner many persons had met the grim monster. In this colloquy, a story was told of a Frenchman, who, in the olden times, was broke on the wheel for heresy, or it may be atheism. As the sufferer was undergoing this horrible torture, with the priests around him, he, in his agony, exclaimed, 'O my God!' On which the spectators said, 'Ah! you hear he calls on his God at last.' The miserable man on the wheel, the instant that this sentence was uttered, collected himself up in the coolest manner, and, making a bow with his head, replied, '*Une façon de parler.*' It appeared from the documents found in Captain M.'s cell on the morning when the turnkey went to warn him to prepare for execution, that he had employed the early portion of the night in writing farewell letters to his friends; the last of which was addressed to the gentleman with whom he had the above conversation regarding the instances recorded of man's contempt for death. The letter was fraught with grateful acknowledgments of the kindness shewn to him; and concludes with, 'It is now nearly three o'clock; all is prepared, and in a few minutes I shall be a dead man. Good bye! God bless you! *Une façon de parler;*' meaning to convey, without doubt, to his friend, by the allusion to the Frenchman, that he was equally collected."

Rhymes and Rhapsodies. By Robert Folkestone Williams. 12mo. pp. 252. London, 1833. Fraser.

A VOLUME of very pleasing, though somewhat unequal, compositions, many of which have already graced the periodical press. Mr. Williams has a true feeling of poetry, and often throws out ideas of originality and beauty—occasionally too eccentric, perhaps, but still possessed of redeeming qualities. As a specimen of his style and powers, we select a poem which may be read with greater zest just now, when we have the same story differently told upon the stage.

"The Coronation of Inez de Castro."

Solemn, and still, and melancholy was the hush
In Santa Clara of the thousands there;
Deep as the human soul, or as the gush
Of a young heart in prayer;
For the full heaviness of grief let fall
Its shadow on them all.

It was a solitude, although the aisles
Were thronged with living forms; and they were rife
With those affections, passions, tears, and smiles,
That tell of human life:
Yet were they as the winter frost can make
The surface of a lake.

For each, so awed to silence, held his breath
In lips that fearful wonderment compressed;
For, lo!—they stood beside the form of death,
Clad in a royal vest—
A sightless, moveless, voiceless one, whose look
Was more than they could brook.

She who'd been carried from the gloomy cave
Into the light of day—who had been born
Snatched from the dreary region of the grave,
Sat there enthroned a queen;
And Pedro stood beside his murdered bride,
That once had been his pride.

It was a sight to soften hearts of stone,
But to behold the wild and fearful gaze,
In which all seemed so strongly thus to own
The loved of other days;
And paid the homage of humility
To that pale mockery.

His sons knelt down before her—on her hand,
Clammy and chill, their lips did reverence;
And their dark eyes the lifeless being scanned
With fearful eloquence;
Filled with the feelings which have made a part
Of the afflicted heart.

And courtiers gay and stubborn knights bent low,
And holy men were suppliant, as they gave
Their benediction to the pomp and show
That glorified the grave;
While banners, plumes, and scarfs, stirred by the breeze,
Waved like funeral trees.

The king was on his royal throne, beside
The corpse of her he loved, he felt her vain
Were those bright ornaments of regal pride,
And looked like one in pain:
For there were feelings stirring in his eye
Of some deep agony.

Again there was a pause, and not a sound
Came on the listening ear. His eyeballs dim
Had lost observance of the things around:—
Yet what were they to him?
For 'ere the dead, clothed in her royal state,
Looked scarce so desolate.

He found, although he might the dead unearth,
And deck her out with royal excellence,
He could not give to her a second birth,
That breathed of life and sense:—
Could not again supply the vital flame
That organised her frame.

"The tragical fate of this beautiful but unfortunate woman has created many fine compositions by poets of different nations. She was married to Pedro, the son of Alonzo, king of Portugal; but the father of the prince objected to the match, and, with circumstances of great cruelty, assisted in her murder. Until Pedro came to the throne, he had not sufficient opportunities to revenge her death; but almost immediately after his father's decease, his vengeance fell upon the murderers with an unexampled ferocity. When he was satisfied with the summary justice he had inflicted, he proceeded to the church of St. Clara at Coimbra, caused her corpse to be brought from the sepulchre, to be arrayed in royal vestments, to be placed on a throne with a crown on her head and a sceptre in her hand, and there she received the homage of the assembled courtiers and of the highest officers of the state. From the church her body was conveyed on a splendid car, accompanied by the male and female nobility of the kingdom clad in mourning, to the monastery of Alcobaca, wherein he had ordered to be constructed two magnificent tombs of white marble, one of which he intended for himself, and the other for his queen. This occurred about the year 1361."

A shadow of deep suffering arose

Over his manly brow—it was the gloom
Of speechless passion, such as finds its close
But in the silent tomb.

And then as from a troubled sleep awoke,
Thus mournfully he spoke:—

‘My lies, my beloved one—Oh! thou
Who art among the bright ones who have been;
Did I not swear that thou shouldst be a queen;
And look around—have I not kept my vow?—

‘Thou hast a glittering diadem—the throne
Of many kings is thine, the sceptre dwells
Within thy grasp:—and where’s he who rebels
‘Gainst the authority its sway shall own?

‘Princes here kneel in homage; heroes wait
Ready to battle for thee; churchmen stand
With holy prayers to bless the work in hand;
And thou art honoured by the good and great.

‘But, O! thou knowest not the glories here—
The film of death has glazed thy brilliant eye,
The lustre of that gaze has long passed by,
That warmed the smile and glorified the tear.

‘Thy gentle heart the sliny worm has sought,
And the kind feelings which it knew are o’er;
Thy look is passionless—thy lips no more
Speak of the fervent love which once they taught.

‘The heaven-born impulses thy spirit felt
Cannot remain with the immanent dead; [fled,
They’ve passed, they’ve perished—have dissolved and
And left me but the clay in which they dwelt.

‘But, hark! the murmur of a voice hath spread
Around me words of an unearthly lore:—
‘To the dark tomb its denizen restore!
Give back the dead, oh! king, give back the dead!’

‘I hear thee!—and although my heart will yearn
For the lost fellowship it has confessed,
Still I will give thee to thy silent rest,
And to the dead I will the dead return.

‘But I will raise a noble monument
In Alcobaca’s ancient walls, and there,
With many a sacred mass and holy prayer,
Shall that bright form to its last home be sent.

‘That, in the after-time, may many then,
Knowing thy spirit hath become divine,
Find a sure refuge at thy honoured shrine,
For sinful deeds done by repentant men.’

Of what avail was all this gorgeous scene—
Thus proudly garnishing the earth-worm’s feast?—
Nought!—for at the same table seated have been,
King, courtier, and priest.

Mock not the grave, for in a little space
There shall we all have place.”

Statistical Survey of the County of Roscommon, drawn up under the Directions of the Royal Dublin Society. By Isaac Weld, Senior Honorary Secretary of the Royal Dublin Society, Member of the Royal Irish Academy, Fellow of the Geological Society of Dublin, &c. &c. 8vo. Dublin, 1832. Printed by R. Graisberry.

Forty years nearly have elapsed since the Dublin Society proposed to institute a statistical survey of Ireland by counties, and eight yet remain undescribed. The volume now brought under our observation, constituting the twenty-fourth of the series, may be regarded as a resumption, rather than a continuation—so great is the interval since any thing has been done in furtherance of this object: but considering the interest which Mr. Weld has contrived to impart to a subject generally deemed dry and repulsive, it is to be hoped that others may be stimulated by his example, and that this national desideratum will be at length carried to completion.

It is not our purpose to follow the author *seriatim* through the great variety of topics necessarily treated of in a survey such as this, nor to attempt an epitome of mere formal and tabular details. Those desirous of obtaining full and accurate information must seek it in the pages of the work itself, where they will find ample particulars respecting the topography, climate, geology, agriculture, manufactures, religious and social condition, antiquities, and local annals of this central county, handled as might be expected from an observer of Mr. Weld’s knowledge and experience.

The great feature of Roscommon is the

Shannon,—“a river than which,” in the words of the author, “probably no other exists on the whole face of the globe, of so large a size in proportion to that of the island through which it flows.” This river, capable of being made a channel of easy intercourse, connecting, in conjunction with the waters of Fermanagh and Tyrone, the three provinces of Munster, Connaught, and Ulster, has hitherto, amid the din of civil commotion, the brawling of faction, and the selfishness of jobbery, been nearly unthought of, and all but entirely neglected. Mr. Grantham, of late years, under the direction of Mr. Rennie, and by order of government, has, it is true, effected a survey of it; but it would seem rather with a view to limited and personal interests than to those of the country at large. Mr. Williams, to whom the nation is so much indebted for the furtherance of steam navigation between the two countries, in giving the history of this map, observes, “that it was made, not, as might be expected, with reference to the only object with which the consideration of that river ought to be accompanied—the improvement of its navigation: but regarding its navigable qualities as of secondary importance, the survey was directed to ascertain the practicability of lowering its waters,—thus increasing the estates of a few proprietors, and improving the value of a few thousand acres of land. The effect of this measure would have been to render the river useless for ever after as a means of internal intercourse; the depth of water being at present no more than adequate to the wants of the navigation, and in dry seasons barely so.” It is to be hoped that there is no longer danger of any thing of the kind being attempted.

The well-known Arigna mines are situated in this county. Mr. Weld describes at some length their actual and past condition; and in the appendix will be found a narrative of one of the most remarkable of the bubbles of the year 1824 connected with these mines. As a beacon to posterity, it may not be without its use; and as a portraiture of an ignorant and impudent schemer, it presents a character than which there is nothing in dramatic invention to surpass. A letter of his, which Mr. Weld transcribes *verbatim et literatim*, is quite a gem.

Much of Roscommon consisting of bog, there being eighty thousand Irish acres capable of improvement in the county, a considerable portion of the Survey is devoted to this subject. The reports of the engineers, Longfield, Griffith, Edgeworth, and Nimmo, are long since before the public. Little, however, has been done with a view to reclamation, on an extensive scale, or on scientific plans; and for any practical benefit, they might as well have remained in manuscript. Not meaning to discuss a topic so debatable as that of home cultivation, as opposed to, or conjoined with, distant colonisation, we may be permitted to observe, that in the bogs of Ireland alone, to say nothing of immense tracts of other neglected but improvable land throughout the country, there exists abundant room for the profitable and permanent employment of all the willing and industrious, now wandering about in search of work, or idling at home for want of it.

We cannot refrain from transcribing a very seasonable note, appended to an account of the linen manufacture. Trite as the reasoning may appear to some, we regret to say that there is too much cause to enforce and repeat it, while ignorant or interested declamation continues to select as a plausible theme a topic so capable of

misrepresentation. “The linen manufacture,” Mr. Weld describes as “one altogether of artificial creation, and for a series of years supported by bounties paid out of the public purse, to those who were engaged in it, to indemnify them, it might be averred, for continuing to carry on a business which would not have paid in itself. Magnificent marts, under the name of linen-halls, ware-rooms, and offices, were provided for the brokers and merchants at the public expense; spinning wheels, *ad libitum*, were distributed from one end of the country to the other gratis; and looms, on similar terms, whenever demanded through the proper authorities: not only was every article which could be considered as useful to the manufacture admitted free of duty into the country, but there were bounties on the importation of the seed from which the raw material was to be raised; turnpike gates were to be generously thrown open on the roads leading to the markets; and, to crown all, the merchant was to receive a bounty per yard on the exportation of the cloth, in itself alone amounting to a great and ample profit on the whole manufacture. Linen cloth, of the value of 6*d.* and not exceeding 1*s.* 7*d.* per yard, was entitled, on exportation to America, to the islands, the continent of Europe, &c., to a bounty of 1*d.* per yard; that is, to a bounty nearly of from 8 to 25 per cent; whilst foreign linens, on importation, were subject to a duty of 25 per cent on the value, besides an additional one of 5*d.* per yard. On the same principles of prohibitions and bounties, the Dublin market might in time be supplied with lemons of domestic growth; and wine of sound merchantable quality, if not claret and champagne, be produced from the grapes of our hot-houses,—at what cost I pretend not to say. But every tyro in the science of political economy is aware, that national wealth does not accrue from raising a commodity at home at tenfold the price for which it could be procured abroad; any more than private wealth will accrue from a man’s persisting to make, within his own family, an article which could be purchased at the next shop for a tenth part of the price which it has cost him to produce it in his own house.”

We cannot afford space for further extracts, though there are many passages which we had marked for citation. We probably have given enough to induce those who feel interested in the subject to consult the book itself. It will be found replete with information on the state of the county under survey, illustrated by comparison with the practices prevailing among other people with whom the author has resided; from the usages of whom many useful hints are supplied, particularly respecting the management and feeding of cattle, orchard cultivation, agricultural implements, &c. The whole is so arranged as to be of easy reference; and the style is such as belongs to the subject—distinct, easy, and unpretending.

Mr. Weld is not one of those who take corresponding views of the country: the comparisons he makes between its present state and its condition at the time when Mr. Wakefield wrote (1811), as well as with former periods, all tend to inspire confidence, and to confirm the opinions of those who maintain that, in spite of all obstacles, there is a general and constant tendency towards improvement. It would be extraordinary indeed, were it otherwise; since, in nations worse treated, the *vis progrediendi* which impels man in his social state, is found sufficient to keep him, though much retarded, in something of a forward state.

The collection of facts here presented to the public, will in many instances supply the best answer to rash assertion and vague conjecture; and with a recommendation to those who desire to take a sober view of Ireland, to consult the *Survey of Roscommon*, we take our leave of the book and its author.

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott; with Notes and Illustrations by Turner. Vol. IV. 12mo. London, 1833. Cadell.

THIS volume is adorned with a view of Caerlaverock Castle, (the scene of so many interesting chapters in Froissart and Pitscottie, and of not a few of the old ballads)—not surpassed by any of Turner's performances on this scale. This artist, never turning out fewer than five or six splendid large pictures within the year, seems to think it only a relaxation to shake off, in his by-hours, dozens upon dozens of exquisite designs for book illustrations, vignettes, and what not—reverting from these to the canvass on his easel, with the ease of a man who, finding nothing above, holds nothing below him—just as Sir Walter himself used to have in hand, all at the same time, a romance (often a couple of romances progressing *pari passu*), an *Annual Register*, a review for the *Quarterly*, a collection of antiquarian odds and ends for the Bannatyne Club or *Blackwood's Magazine*; a law argument—(for even down to his latter years, many such came from him, though not of course signed with his name)—to say nothing of songs for his daughters, stories for his grandchildren, and last, not least, a heap of cases for judgment in his capacity of magistrate. All great geniuses have not this facility and locomotiveness, so to speak, of mind;—but, perhaps, the very greatest in all arts have had something thereof. Shakespeare appears to have laid down *Hamlet* or *Lea*, to *doctor*, in his vocation of manager, the poorest productions of the mere playwright of the time—enlivened them, as a matter of course, with touches of his genius sufficient to float them through a week or two's run; and recurred to his own *magnum opus*, with no more sense of being interrupted than by eating his breakfast, or cracking a pint of sherris sack at the Mitre. Horace, it is known, composed some of his shrewdest satires at the very same time with some of his most pensive odes;—and so of the rest. To such minds, "change of occupation," as Sir William Jones used to say, "is the best relaxation."

This volume will probably be a greater favourite now and hereafter than any of its three predecessors; for, besides containing abundance of the queer old lore that makes the chief interest of their pages, it gives us the first serious emanations of the great author's own poetical genius—those magnificent compositions which even he never lived to cast into the shade—*Glenfinlas*, *The Eve of St. John*, *The Grey Brother*, &c. &c.

We need not say much about the details of this volume as now edited. A number of notes, explaining who the friends alluded to by Sir Walter in his original prefaces were, and illustrating the circumstances under which the ballads themselves were composed, will be felt as agreeable, indeed necessary, additions. The Introductory Essay "in Imitation of the Ancient Ballad," written by Sir Walter Scott in 1830, had been revised by himself in 1831, and now appears with various improvements and enlargements. It will always form one of the most interesting chapters in his *Biographia Literaria*. Among other matters, he clears up some erroneous charges against

himself in Medwin's book about Byron—such as a story of his (*Sir Walter Scott's*) writing an unfriendly review of Coleridge! He had never even heard of, far less seen, the article alluded to; which was, we presume, a very pungent one, that made not a little noise in its way some ten or twelve years ago. And here, by the by, let us take an opportunity of answering a charge, equally absurd, that has lately been hazarded. A recent author sneers at Sir Walter Scott for frequently alluding to and extolling the productions of inferior novelists of his time, but carefully preserving silence as to the very existence of Miss Austen. We are, as it happens, in possession of the *fact* in this case. Miss Austen's novels were for several years coldly received by the public; and it is most probable that they took some time to penetrate beyond the Tweed. But they were at once and most effectually introduced to general notice and admiration by a masterly essay on *Emma*, &c. in the *Quarterly Review*; and that article was written, without suggestion of any sort from publisher or editor, by Sir Walter Scott himself. Here he was doing exactly as he was accustomed to do whenever he saw merit, and believed it to be neglected. The first influential reviewer of Miss Austen was also the first critic of Miss Edgeworth (in the *Edinburgh*), of Maturin (both in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*), and of Mrs. Shelley (in *Blackwood*).

We are assured, by one who must know, that, down to the last, Miss Austen's novels were more frequently in Sir Walter's hands than any other novels of modern date; and it was not a bad puff for any novel to be read habitually, to such circles as crowded the halls of Abbotsford during months of every year, by the Author of *Waverley*.

We forgot to say, that there is another charming print—one of Hermitage Castle, the old Douglass's Liddesdale stronghold; and grim and grey seems to be this relic of those all but royal barons. The scene is nobly savage—the execution perfect.

Baron D'Haussez's Sketches.

[Third notice.]

IN following up the Baron's *Sketches*, which we find, as we proceed, to grow more and more unfavourable to our nationalities, and disposed, in every branch of comparison, to adjudge the palm to France or some other country, we arrive at his estimate of England as a school of the Fine Arts; and here, in the same way as he has exhibited the British press as ignorant, mischievous, and destructive, he shews up the English school as devoid of taste, as well as of other essential qualities. The fact is, that every thing is seen through a French medium, which would have all of the same statue-like resemblance; and the author has afforded a criterion of his judgment, when, in speaking of our sculptured monuments, and in giving credit to this class of art in England, he has fixed upon the works of Roubiliac in Westminster Abbey; &c., as that standard. It is true, as he says, that "antique sculpture has left no more beautiful conception than the statue of Newton at Cambridge by Roubiliac; nor would it disavow the tombs of the Duke of Argyle and of Mrs. Nightingale, by the same artist. Those of Nelson and Chatham, and many monuments of the same kind, at St. Paul's, and Mr. Wyatt's admirable mausoleum of the Princess Charlotte at Windsor, are works of true merit." But the sculpture of Roubiliac had nothing in common with the antique. In

viewing his works, the wonder of the spectator is rather excited by the skill with which he has imitated the drapery or other accessories, than by that simplicity and singleness which is the charm of sculpture.

The lack of taste in our collectors, and the unqualified admiration for old pictures, with their specks of light and imagined qualities, dear bought and far sought, is a truth which can hardly be gainsaid; but the sweeping conclusion of want of talent in all that belongs to the higher walks of painting, only exhibits the prejudice or the ignorance of the critic. It was the same in the days of Hogarth, except that our critics were not always foreigners, though the prejudice was foreign. It spoke of Hogarth as no colourist, and Wilson as no landscape painter; both suffered from neglect in their own day, to be idolised when they were no more.

Of the English school of painting, the late R. P. Knight predicted the future excellence from that very variety of conception, that freedom of sentiment allied to its national character, which the Baron alleges in evidence against its ever excellent! The truth is, the English school in the present day is too much shackled in the choice of its subjects, from the caprice and want of taste in the public and in those who can afford to buy pictures. Its general character, owing to the same causes, has more of the Flemish than of the Italian schools; but in the things of which it treats, such as domestic and familiar life, where is the school in which they are treated so well? The English school may be considered an epitome of every other—perhaps less of the French than any other.

Incongruities may be found in the works of every nation, and in the highest walks of art. What can be more horrid or disgusting than the martyrdoms of the Italian school, or more vulgar and deformed than some of the best works of the Flemish? and, with all its defects, the English school is not monotonous like the French, nor disgusting like the Dutch. Had the French critic gone properly, or at least candidly, to work, he might have taken some example from the works of West, Reynolds, Opie, Romney, Lawrence, to shew our deficiency in composition, colouring, taste, &c. But, no; it cannot be that he has seen the "Regulus" of West, the "Hugolino" of Reynolds, the "Death of Rizzio" by Opie: he has only indulged in a vein of splenetic ridicule, not having studied what he has ventured to condemn.

The same spirit is seen throughout most of the Baron's remarks; and he would place England, and its pretensions to any thing in the shape of refinement, in the situation of the daw in the fable, dressed either in fancied or borrowed plumes.

In treating of the merits of the French school, were the names of Le Seur, Le Brun, or Poussin, to be left out, what would remain? When Du Bos sent his picture of "Damocles" to England, and afterwards painted another far inferior, the apology was—he had painted down to the English taste!

Of individual connoisseurship, it may be remarked, that each, according to his humour, would bring the destination of art to his own standard; the sportsman to his, the classic to his; and so on, through every variety of personal feeling, habits, or thinking, would subjects in art be cast. Variety in style and subject is the charm in every collection; and for this every candid critic must admit the British school of art is amply provided.

In allowing the merits of our water-colour

paintings, there is a drawback in the Baron D'Haussez's remarks, inferring that it is owing to the neglect of its practice in other countries.

Again, in giving credit to our engravers on precious stones, he seems unacquainted with what has been done prior to the present time in this country. This branch of the fine arts, for want of encouragement, has rather retrograded than advanced since the works of Burch, Marchant, and Brown, were in request.

We hardly thank him for what he has said of copperplate engraving, since his remarks are confined to the curious and elaborate finish of our Annuals; and no mention is made of the larger and more solid works of Wootlett, Strange, Sharpe, Bartolozzi, &c. There would be no end in exhibiting examples in painting, sculpture, and engraving, that would set at naught the generalising system of criticism in which the writer has indulged; but condemnation, as well as praise, when exaggerated, will ever defeat its ends. It should appear that our music fares no better than our painting; and, indeed, if we run over the heads of chapters, we shall discover, that in law, physic, religion, polity, education, the management of public institutions, charities, prison discipline, agriculture, travelling, sports, &c. &c. &c., we are very far inferior to our more civilised and enlightened neighbours.

But *fas est ab hoste doceri*; and we shall continue our extracts.

"Prepossessed as we may be towards England, we are bound to admit, that in respect to the fine arts she is inferior to the least-favoured nations. Perfection in them is hopeless without that natural tact, that impulse of taste, that yielding to rules of general assent, which are incompatible with the education and independent opinions of Englishmen. If true to nature, and faithfully portraying it, theirs is a literal copy, which discards its nobler features. They never attempt an interpretation of it distinguished by its more dignified character, and free from those incidents which degrade without giving it a greater impress of truth. The national taste favours and encourages this slothfulness of imagination, which confines artists to the description of mere facts, divested of every suggestion of fancy. Their efforts, when they endeavour to shake off the trammels of habit, tend exclusively to exaggerate the defects of the objects they desire to represent. Thus it is that their imagination, instead of soaring above the common level, falls powerless at every attempt; accordingly their drawing produces a caricature, their theatre a tragedy or comedy alike at variance with all rules, their music a mere sound, their architecture a Buckingham House or the Brighton Pavilion."

In architecture we are still worse—in the lowest depth, or lower still.

"In classifying the relative degree of imperfection of the fine arts in England, architecture should be placed still lower than painting. It is almost reduced to the routine of heaping brick upon brick, without farther order or symmetry than that necessary to create openings for doors and windows. If a house should be too small, another is built at the side of it, out of harmony with the first. English architects do not hesitate to place a beam on an arch, a small window by the side of a wide door, or a chimney at the angle of a building. Do they wish for ornaments? they can only find columns; they do not trouble themselves either with their proportions or their props. Their height is determined by the elevation of the

edifice. They are placed on a cornice or on a balcony, with as little motive as there would be for placing them underneath: they are indifferently employed in ornamenting a shop, a palace, or a cottage. Nor can even the praise of imitation be accorded to English architecture. Witness the triumphal arch of the Green Park, and that of the palace destined to become the royal residence—a bold defiance of bad taste.

"The internal arrangement of the houses is in keeping with the poverty of their external decoration. The system is exactly the same for the house of a lord as for that of a tradesman; the difference exists only in the proportions. The taste of the architect goes for nothing in the ornamental portion. When he has built four walls, so fragile that the roll of a carriage produces a general crepitation, placed horizontally, as well as perpendicularly, separations which form ceilings and partition walls, and added to these a narrow staircase of difficult ascent, which communicates with the three stories of this wretched house, his occupation is at an end. In order to rival the architect's good taste, an upholsterer generally covers these walls with a paper of a red ground. He furnishes two or three of the rooms in the same colour, places four-post beds in the sleeping-rooms, carpets in all the apartments, and behold an English house ready to receive its inmates! As to looking-glasses, they are rarely met with, and are generally of small dimensions. If the English wished for clocks, they would find it difficult to place them in apartments without brackets, whose elevated chimney-pieces (four or five feet high) are without shelves. Instead of being composed of folding shutters, the windows are formed of grooved panels, sliding into each other, and cut out about four feet from the ground. Hence it is necessary to stoop the head to look out; and one is also obliged to bend one's self if one wishes to walk in the narrow balcony before the house. In looking over the numerous heaps of habitations which have risen round the capital during the last half century, on the sea-coast, and in every place in which there has been a pretext to build, and in examining the architecture employed, it must be acknowledged that, if the English know how to build towns, they do not know how to build houses. This arises from an abundance of capital, and a penury of taste."

The truth of the annexed statement relative to foreign musical professors, by one who knows them, ought not to be forgotten.

Music, it seems, is "cultivated with little success by the English. It is scarcely followed as a profession, unless by foreigners, the more dearly paid because they seek to find in the money which they gain, not only a recompense for their talent, but a compensation for the little interest which it inspires. If English voices afford little gratification, English ears are not over-nice: the one are made for the other; and if, which never happens, the sounds of a sharp voice should distinctly strike the tympanum of an attentive auditor, it would not be affected in a disagreeable manner. By a habit, of which people are not aware, and which can only originate in the little pleasure caused by music too often unworthy of attention, people do not listen; and hence it is that an English concert is but a noise of instruments which mingles itself with the noise of conversations, rendered more deafening by the necessity which the talkers lie under of making their voices prevail over those of the singers. When this *charivari* has lasted the prescribed

time, an end is put to it; the artists are dismissed, after having been well paid."

Of our theatricals the Baron says,—

"England possesses a considerable number of comedians, and is specially distinguished by tragedians of note. Declamation is not, as in France, reduced to a system; it is based on the actor's observation of nature, and would leave little to desire, if it did not frequently descend to too minute details. The *tournerie* of male as well as female actors is not sufficiently natural. Their gait is awkward and embarrassed; their address is deficient in suppleness and grace. The actors group themselves with difficulty, and cross the stage with awkwardness. Nothing in their demeanour indicates the study, the idea even of the habits and manners of good society. As a counterbalance to these defects, it must be admitted that they often hit on the just expression of physiognomy and tone. Mediocre in the higher and lighter comedy, they excel in tragedy, which lends itself to a marked declamation, and in low comedy, which permits its votaries to descend to overcharged caricature. Exceedingly rich in tragic authors of the first order, England is deficient in comic authors of an elevated style, and borrows from France the greater part of the subjects of the small pieces which are played on her theatres. These lose much of their merit in the mutilation they undergo for the purpose of adapting them to the English taste. Nor are they less deteriorated by translation, and by the manner in which they are played. They want the local application which they had at Paris, but which they cannot preserve in London."

With this medley we must for the present be contented to stop.

Captain Owen's Narrative.

[Fourth notice.]

HAVING gone to Bombay and refitted, our squadron returned to the African coast, to commence the survey at Guardafui, the southernmost cape of the entrance of the Red Sea, and thence proceed towards Zangibar, &c.—a region very imperfectly known to travellers or navigators. Muskat was on their way, and they soon after passed Guardafui; and we are told, "the coast of Africa, from the Red Sea to the river Juba, is inhabited by the tribe called Somali, apparently descendants from the aborigines of the country, who were early subjected to the Koran by the Arab merchants trading with them. They are a mild people, of pastoral habits, and confined entirely to the coast; the whole of the interior being occupied by an untamable tribe of savages, called Galla, perhaps at the present time the most uncultivated and ferocious in existence. Between Cape Guardafui and the Straits of Babelmandel are two or three little towns little visited or known by Europeans. One named Barbara, or Bureen, is on the track of the caravans from the interior, whence the pilgrims and merchants embark for Jeddah and Mecca. In the whole country from Guardafui to Mukdesha there is not the least appearance of an inhabited spot, although we could observe abundance of camels and cattle; and it is said to possess a race of small wild horses. The commerce of this country appears to have been solely directed towards the Red Sea by means of caravans; in consequence of which, as the people are not themselves subject to the dangers of the sea, they have no feelings of compassion for those who are thrown on their shores. A wreck to them is a prize, and the unfortunate sufferers become their slaves, the misery of whose lot is

heightened by every species of suffering, in order to enhance the value of their ransom. The information we were enabled to obtain respecting the government of these people, was very vague and uncertain, but by all accounts it possesses more the character of patriarchal tyranny than any other form. Our Arab reporters stated the whole country of the Somali to be under one prince, but we were led to believe that it was ruled by as many chiefs as hordes, and as many tyrants as chiefs. It is however certain that either their poverty or valour has prevented any invasion of their country or rights; no foreign establishments have been formed upon their coast, neither are there any decayed monuments visible of either the Christians or Arabs, so that whatever may be their social compact, liberty is still their birthright."

Mombas appears to have been a great place, and to be capable of being made so again.

"Perhaps there is not a more perfect harbour in the world than Mombas. It possesses good riding-ground at the entrance, sheltered by extensive reef on either side; an anchorage wharf, from its vicinity to the coast, constantly enjoys the sea-breeze, and a steep rocky shore, in many places rendering wharfs unnecessary, and in others forming a shelving sandy strand, where vessels can be hauled up and careened, favoured by a tide rising twelve or fourteen feet. The island is said to be three miles long by two broad, surrounded with cliffs of madrepore, capable, by very little labour, of being rendered almost impregnable, nature having formed it like a huge castle, encircled by a moat, over which, at the back, there is but one dangerous ford, passable only during low water of spring tides. As to the commercial importance of Mombas, or whether it would be advantageous to Great Britain to establish it as another post for the enterprise of her merchants, this is a subject upon which we decline entering; but every observation we were enabled to make shall be stated, for the information of those who are better able to judge. Facility of navigation constitutes one of its greatest recommendations; as, by a proper attention to the monsoons and currents, voyages both to and from Mombas may be effected with safety and certainty at all seasons. Goods sent from England to that port could be conveyed by the Arab dows along the whole line of coast, where they would meet with a sure market, and the expense of these vessels would be very trifling. Its soil produces abundance of corn, and the sugar-cane thrives well. As a possession of the English, it would be an excellent port for ships passing through the Mozambique channel, either as a retreat from an enemy, or, in case of necessity, to refit. The navigation would be better known, and the communication by this route to India more frequently attempted, while a lucrative trade might be entered into with Madagascar. In conclusion, our holding Mombas as a military station would be one of the most effectual steps towards the entire civilisation of Eastern Africa, and the suppression of the slave-trade. The Wanyekas, who inhabit the country for some miles inland, are not so blind to their own interests, wild and savage as they are, as to neglect commerce; and through them the native productions might be obtained at a very trifling cost. On this coast cowries are abundant; and the Arabs informed us that small quantities of gold were occasionally procured. Mombas appears formerly to have been a place of great consideration, yet but little mention is made of it in history."

Of the natives, a characteristic anecdote is mentioned:—

"An Arab, especially one who has not visited other countries, cannot conceive how any man can demean himself so far as to appear in public without a sword or dagger. Mr. Fisher, one of our midshipmen, had gone on shore unarmed; this accidental omission appeared to attract much notice, and our young gentleman felt rather uneasy at the little respect with which he was treated. Fortunately, he had an opportunity of accounting for the absence of his sword in a way highly gratifying to their feelings. A party was collected around him, when it was asked why he wore no arms? Upon this he imitated the sign of amity used by the Arabs, hooking the two little fingers together, and then gave them to understand that such were the terms existing between them, and he did not therefore carry a weapon intended only for his enemies."

Having seen and quitted Zanzibar, the voyagers surveyed Monfeea, Quiloo, the Lindy, the Querimba Islands, &c. &c.; and the author says, in reference to a canoe expedition up the Senna, the only territory of the Portuguese in the east coast of Africa, from Quillimane:

"As the travellers advanced from the coast, the appearance of the natives greatly improved. At Marooro many were elegantly proportioned; some of the attendants upon the colonel, in particular, being perfect models of the human form. Their dress was composed solely of a small piece of cloth, barely sufficient for the purposes of decency; some having their beards shaved, others only in part, but many not at all. Their hair, (for it is worthy of remark that they have not wool,) which grows long, was neatly plaited, and made to hang in slender tails, giving to the countenance a wild and savage expression. The proportion of females was small, and it was remarked that they were in general either of an advanced age or children."

Mr. Browne, in describing the habits of his boatmen, says: "As soon as the tents were pitched at night, they took the poles with which they occasionally impelled the boats, and sticking them in the ground, across the direction of the wind, wove mats between them, thus forming a screen to protect themselves from the chilling night breeze. Beneath this shelter, which they made to slope over them, a fire was kindled, around which they huddled together in various postures, warming themselves thoroughly for the night, and taking red-hot embers in their hands, without appearing to feel any other sensation than that of a pleasing warmth. Whilst cooking their supper of grass porridge, in small earthen pipkins, they sat crouching over the fire in the highest good-humour, loud in their mirth, and presenting a most gratifying spectacle of content and cheerfulness; in fact, the little encampment, from the time of its forming until midnight, was one continued scene of festivity. The manner in which these people slept was extraordinary; each had a large sack, in which, as soon as he felt himself inclined to repose, he coiled himself up, and the ludicrous scene was thus often exhibited of two sacks in deep and earnest conversation, no motion whatever indicating their living contents. This plan is an excellent one, and strongly recommended to escape the annoying bites of the mosquitoes."

Here Mr. Forbes, the naturalist, died, and was speedily followed to the grave by Lieutenant Browne. The particulars attendant on this melancholy occasion are of dismal interest.

"On the morning of the 19th Mr. Browne, who was confined by a slight indisposition, re-

ceived a visit from the priest, who brought with him his bill for the funeral of Mr. Forbes, amounting to the enormous sum of one hundred and twenty-seven Spanish dollars. It is painful to record the conduct of this man, who, as a member of the church of God, should have been an example to the ignorant savages by whom he was surrounded; instead of which, his sole object was to extort money from, and throw every obstacle in the way of, these enterprising young men. In a distant land, worshipping the same God, believing in the same Author of salvation, and in His divine laws by which it is to be obtained, it might have been supposed that some feelings, if not of fraternity, at least of humanity, would have existed towards them; but no! forgetting every tie, and guided alone by the mercenary dictates of his heart, he plundered and persecuted them until the end was produced at which he aimed."

During the whole of this interview, the priest was exceedingly troublesome, trying to persuade Lieutenant Browne to purchase some paltry gold chains, gain being the only and constant subject of his discourse, excepting upon one occasion, when he was overheard telling the uninformed commandant that the English were very powerful at sea, but that on land they never dared to oppose the Portuguese!"

On the 5th of the ensuing month, poor Browne himself was a corpse. "He was," continues the narrative, "released from his sufferings, leaving Mr. Kilpatrick surrounded by sorrows and difficulties, which, in his enervated state, he was ill able to bear. Still, as almost a last effort, after Antonio and Adonis had procured a coffin for the body of his deceased friend, he sent them to the priest, to request that he would make arrangements for its interment. But, instead of complying with his wish, this unworthy minister of God, with unfeeling rage remarked, that he had buried Mr. Forbes in the church, for which he had never been paid, and, therefore, they might inter the corpse of Mr. Browne when and where they could. The commandant was next applied to; he merely observed that the business of funerals belonged to the priest, but, if he refused, he would send one of his people to point out a spot where the body might be deposited, adding that, some years back, a French and English vessel were cast away on the coast, and that the crew, after infinite toil, had found their way overland to Senna, where all but one had perished. 'They are buried,' continued he, 'in the place that shall be shewn you, and there you may lay your late master.' This sad duty was therefore performed on the following morning by Antonio and Adonis, assisted by some negroes whom they hired for the occasion. A grave was dug, and a prayer in the best English that poor Adonis could command was said over the last remains of his unfortunate master, before they were ever consigned to the earth. A scene more pathetic than this can scarcely be imagined,—a faithful African servant bearing the body of his master to the grave that he had prepared for its reception, and there, before he throws the earth upon the form which he loved—standing over it, and, in language that could not find utterance, offering up a prayer to the God of both! Was that prayer heard? Did the want of eloquence in the poor savage make it less audible at the throne of grace? The gloom that hung over the mind of Mr. Kilpatrick, from the time that his last companion was attacked by the fever, settled, at his death, into a most hopeless despondency, from which nothing could arouse him. The two servants packed up the trunks,

and proposed returning immediately to Chappa; but no, all energy had left him; he pleaded excessive illness as an excuse for not quitting Senna, and observed, in a melancholy tone, "You need not torment me now; a very few days will decide my fate."

He died on the 28th.

Another dreadful occurrence shortly after ensued; and is thus told:

"On the 22nd we got eight of the first island, situated about three miles from the main, where a heart-rending tragedy was enacted, which, during the remainder of our voyage called forth the most painful recollections. Two midshipmen were ordered to this island, for the purpose of obtaining some angles requisite for the survey. Mr. Bowie, the eldest, was a gentleman who had passed his examination for a lieutenant, and had only lately joined the ship; the other, Mr. Parsons, came out with us from England, and was about eighteen years of age. While taking their observations, Mr. Bowie, who had charge of the boat, imprudently dispatched the crew round a projecting foreland in search of shells. They returned once on the fire of a musket, and found the two officers in the boat conversing with a native, many of whom are daily in the habit of resorting to these islands for shell-fish, although they do not inhabit them, from a fear of being entrapped and carried off as slaves. The crew were absent a second time about half an hour, and then commenced their return. The man who was in advance of the rest, on gaining the height of an intervening sandy point, suddenly gave an alarm that the officers were missing from the boat. It was immediately anticipated that some fatal accident had happened, and all hastily rushed towards the spot. As they approached, something was observed rolling in the surf that beat heavily on the shore;—it was the lifeless body of Mr. Parsons. They picked it up, and swam to the boat, where the first object that met their view was Mr. Bowie, stretched over the table, with no other indication of life than a slight pulsation in the wrist, which in a few minutes ceased. An exclamation of horror burst from all. A consultation was held whether to go in pursuit of the blood-thirsty savages, or return to the ship and report the melancholy fate of their officers, when the latter course was determined on; so, laying their remains at the bottom of the boat, in mournful silence and with heavy hearts, the grapnel was weighed, and, favoured by the strong sea-breeze that had just set in, they soon reached the brig, which was at anchor near the second island. It was fortunate that they quitted without delay, as they had scarcely left the beach, when a body of armed natives were seen hurrying down to the spot they had left, in all probability with the intention of plundering and destroying the boat, in order to prevent the crew from escaping, after having murdered their officers. The feelings of all on board, upon seeing the bleeding lifeless bodies of our poor messmates hoisted up the ship's side, may easily be imagined; a general cry of distress and indignation was heard, while an anxious wish was expressed to go on shore and take revenge upon the perpetrators. But Captain Vidal softened in some measure this feeling of revenge, by representing how certain it was that in destroying the guilty we must shed the blood of innocence. On examining the body of Mr. Bowie, it was found pierced with five wounds; a severe one in the arm was apparently received while he was endeavouring to defend himself. Three were mortal, and the whole seemed to have been dealt by a spear or

strong knife. Mr. Parsons had four deep gashes in the back, and the deadly weapons must have been impelled with much force, as a rib was severed in two by a spear, which then passed through the chest: they were separately mortal, and were probably received while the unfortunate young man was attempting to effect his escape. The appearance of the bodies, and the ideas connected with them, were so distressing to us all, that as soon as the surgeon's examination was concluded they were conveyed on shore, and interred with military honours in a grave on the island, adjoining that in which the corpse of one of our seamen was buried, who had died the day previous of a consumption. The spot where this melancholy incident took place was called 'Grave Island,' while that from which the perpetrators came received a name in accordance with their nature, 'Murderer's Bay;' and they are thus recorded in our charts."

(To be continued.)

The Passions; being Six Songs, each with a descriptive Poem and graphic Illustration. The Poetry by J. Lunn. London, 1833. Goulding and D'Almaine.

Or the music in this publication our musical critic has spoken; but it is our duty, in a work of this class, to say also a few words of its literary portion. The design is obviously good; and to marry Melody to immortal Verse, allowing Harmony, as of old, by way of concubine, ever deserves encouragement. Mr. Lunn has chosen the more real Passions,—Love, Joy, Hope, and their contrasts, Hate, Grief, and Despair,—for the exercise of his muse. How he has executed his task, the poem and song on Grief will shew:

"Hark! hark! the swelling gale
A thrilling, plaintive wail
Wafts from beneath yon spreading cypress' shade,
Where pallid Grief her languid form hath laid!
Her scattered ebon tresses, wreathed with rue;
Her robe a tear-damp veil of raven hue;
Her turgid orbs, in swift succession, hang
On all the sources whence their gushings sprang:
Awile she views the foaming flood;
The battle-plain, imbrued with blood;
The reeking prey of ravening flame
And grim Disease, with deathful aim:
Then sinks, oppressed by many a torturing throe,
And bathes the aigid urn with streams of woe!"

"When ruthless fate the heart hath plunder'd,
And many a fond alliance sunder'd,
Its waning pulse is scant and chill,
And nought but Grief the void can fill.
Like pungent balms to bleeding wounds,
Which all their pangs renew;
With fitful anguish it abounds,
Yet yields a solace too."

For when on friend or kindred's bier
We shed the sympathetic tear,
And on the dire bereavement dwell;
Blest Memory, by her magic spell,
So many hours of converse sweet
Restores to mental view,
That, mingling in our grief, we meet
Some share of luxury too!"

The peculiar difficulty of writing poetry for music, especially for music the essence of which is expression, is very great: we would therefore advise the experiment of trying the two combined, as in this instance, to the lovers of the concord of sweet sounds.

Sketches of Obscure Poets, with Specimens of their Writings. Pp. 208. London, 1833. Cochrane and McCrone.

"CAN these bones live?" We may very safely answer, No; and only wonder at the taste which disinterred such dry and forgotten remains. Even where the love for poetry is also attended by its power, we doubt the great happiness of the possessor; but when there is

only the taste and the desire, early and entire discouragement is the best service that can be rendered. We give the editor of this little work all possible credit for the amiable motive, but none for critical judgment; for nothing can be much worse than the specimens he has selected.

Standard Novels, Nos. XXVIII. and XXIX. Northanger Abbey and Persuasion. By Miss Austen. The Smuggler. By the Authors of "Tales by the O'Hara Family." London, 1833. Bentley.

WE do not know any edition of established works more deserving of praise than the "Standard Novels;" very neat, very cheap, prettily embellished, and judiciously chosen, they well merit favour of the public. Of the last two volumes we entertain a divided opinion. *Persuasion*, with its delicate perception of female character, its vivacity, and its attractive narrative, we consider to be the very best of Miss Austen's productions: but our judgment of the *Smuggler* is already on record, and we see no cause to change our then unfavourable decision. Why not have given one of Mr. Banim's vivid and characteristic Irish fictions? He does best at home.

The Protost of Paris: a Tale. By William S. Browning, author of the "History of the Huguenots." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Smith, Elder, and Co.

To be pleasantly written, and possess complete historic accuracy, are the merits of these pages; and the author's efforts are farther recommended, without the startling novelty now so much looked for in this species of fiction, by the site and time in which they are displayed.

Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde. Tome Premier: Premier Partie. 8vo. pp. 400. Paris, Strasbourg, Londres, Treuttel et Würtz, 1833.

THE first part of an important and very extensive work, if we may judge from a double-columned volume of 400 pages reaching only to the letters Ale—the word Alexander, a biographical sketch of the last Emperor of Russia. The title-page fully explains the plan of this vast undertaking; stating that it purposes to be a "universal repository of all departments of knowledge that are necessary, useful, and agreeable in social life, and relating to science, literature, the fine arts, history, geography, &c. &c. &c. with biographical details on the principal families mentioned in history, and of the most celebrated individuals of past and present times; compiled by a society of men of science, literature, and the arts, foreign and domestic. In twenty-four volumes, large octavo." The contributors to this first volume are—MM. Anders, Andral, Artaud (le chevalier), Aubert de Vitry, Berr (Michel), Ber-ville, Castéra, Chamrobert (de), Charlier, Chopin d'Arnouville, Depping, Dufau, Eckstein (baron d'), Fayot, Fétis, Gence, Guillemin, Jouy (de), Klaproth, Labouderie (abbé), Lafargue, Lebrun (Isidore), Ledere Thoun, Lefebvre-Cauchy, Matorez, Matter, Orfila, Parisot, Poncelet, Ratier, Reinaud, Schnitzler (J. H.), Sinner (de), Thiébaud de Berneaud, Viel-Castel (Henri de), Walckenaër (baron), Wales, Worms, Young.

As far as we have had time to examine a few of the articles, we are bound to say that the specimen very fairly and ably follows up and improves upon the example of the "Conversations-Lexicon," on which it is formed.

Chatsworth; or, the Patrician. 12mo. pp. 310.

London, 1833. Cochrane and M'Crone.
THE foundation of *Chatsworth* is obviously a foolish story told of one of our noblest houses, and now raked up in equally bad taste and feeling. A sequel is promised; we scarcely think it will be called for, the whole work being unmitigated trash.

Sir Guy de Lusignan. By E. Cordelia Knight, author of "Dinarbas," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Saunders and Otley.

SIR GUY DE LUSIGNAN belongs to a now-exploded school of romance, which these pages are certainly not destined to revive.

Conrad Blessington; a Tale. By a Lady. 12mo. pp. 216. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

"No plainer truth appears, Our most important are our earliest years; The mind, impressive and soft, with ease Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees; And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue That education gives us, false or true."

SUCH is the motto to this very graceful and pleasing volume, in which the efforts of early education are developed in their influence on the character of two orphans, thrown dependent on the charity of strangers. The story is interesting, the language refined, and the sentiments those of an accomplished and amiable woman. It is one of those connected narratives of which an extract can give but a faint idea; but we cordially recommend, especially to our more youthful friends, to read and judge for themselves.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge; British Museum; Elgin Marbles, Vol. I. C. Knight.

AS exposition of the way in which Lord Elgin acquired these treasures of ancient art, and a topographical and historical account of Attica and Athens, is followed by descriptions of many of the designs which now adorn the British Museum. We always thought Lord Elgin, between politician and poet, very ill-used in this matter; but we have begun to doubt our judgment, since Athens is again the capital of a Grecian kingdom. Nevertheless, these glories of ancient art are, we trust, well disposed of where they are. They are full of mind, and ought to generate mind; if they do not, the poor cuts in this volume which figure them, were as much as the genius of our country could apply. We like the publication much—it is of the true order to disseminate a knowledge and a love of art, and consequent refinement.

A View of the United States of America. 12mo. pp. 278. London, O. Rich.

A GENUINE little book of information, without theories or opinions. Tables of absolute facts, and condensed intelligence, ought to recommend it thoroughly.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ONE of the members of the Council in the chair.—Mr. Martin exhibited some anatomical preparations of the squirrel-monkey (*Callithrix sciureus*), and read his notes of the dissection, accompanied by a detail of the morbid appearances of some of the viscera.—Colonel Sykes exhibited several specimens of the *Loligo agitata*, taken on the homeward-bound voyage from India, in calm weather. The circumstances under which they were caught are remarkable,

and, in fact, lead to the suspicion that these cephalopods are capable of making extraordinary leaps out of the water,—a power little in conformity with their general organisation. They were found on the floor of the deck of the vessel, and were not solitary instances, for several others one morning appeared upon deck, having come into that situation during the night. It was suggested that they might have crept up the sides of the vessel, and gained the spot on which they were seen; or, as the sea was quite calm, been thrown up along with spray by the lashing of some large shark, or other fish, as it passed along with rapidity. The fact, however, is the more singular, as there are in the museum of the R. C. S. several specimens of the same animals, which are stated to have leaped upon deck, whence they were taken.—Dr. Stark gave a detail of his observations on the changes of colour in fishes, both of fresh and salt water. When removed from their native residence, and placed in vessels for a short period, if then they be taken out of a white or blue vessel, to which their colour will be found to assimilate, and put into a dark red, or other coloured vessel, they instantaneously change to that colour, and sometimes so exactly, as to render it doubtful whether there are fishes in the vessel or not.—A letter from M. Geoff. St. Hilaire was read, on the nature of the abdominal glands in the *ornithorhynchus*; on which Dr. Grant and Mr. Owen offered various remarks, and communicated many new facts on the organisation of this singular animal. It is with considerable satisfaction we see it announced, that the first part of the Society's *Transactions* will soon be ready for delivery to the members.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

LANDER'S EXPEDITION.

[We have religiously abstained from any particular notice of the interesting expedition into the interior of Africa, respecting which we had no hesitation in inserting Mr. John Lander's letter in our last *Gazette*; for we say, sincerely, that we do feel a deep interest in all that can possibly affect the traveller—the last of a band of brave men who have perished in the same pursuit—and the cause in which he is engaged. Need we add, that we published with sorrow and pain the postscript to the letter to which we refer?

The following document has been in our possession since before the expedition sailed; and we give it now only as a curiosity. The original, finely ornamented with cuts of the steam-vessels, &c., on a handsome sheet, was composed by, and printed in Arabic under the auspices of, a gentleman whose own productions will hardly be forgotten—we mean *M. Salame*. The skill and attention with which he has framed even the letters to the common understanding of the natives of Africa (for they do not pretend to read print or fine writing) renders this scroll a curious specimen of excellence for those to whom it is addressed, in contradistinction to a composition not adapted to their notions, and letters not ill-written, but such as they can comprehend.]

Translation of the Circular which Mr. Richard Lander took out with him on the second expedition to Africa, for the purpose of presenting it to the Chiefs or Sullans of the places at which he might happen to stop on his way up the River Qo'wara, or Niger.

"PRAISE is due to God alone; and there is neither authority nor power but in God.

"From the slaves of God, the captain (*i. e.* chief of the expedition) Richard, the merchant Macgregor, the master (*i. e.* of navigation and skilful arts) George, and the doctor (*i. e.* of physic) Thomas, servants of his majesty the king of the English court, perfect peace, salutation, and respect.

"To our esteemed friend in God, the prince and sultan of this country: peace be unto you, together with the mercy and blessings of God.

"Hence, after our perfect salutation, compliments, and respect, we have to inform you (may God inform you of all good news!) that

his majesty, our great king, had sent his servants, several times before, into the countries of Africa and Sood'an for the purpose of seeing their wonders, their rivers, and the rare things that are to be found in them, and not in our country. On the return of his said servants, they acquainted him with the kindness and good deeds and protection which they received from you, and from the people of your countries; and that you had allowed them to come back to you (*i. e.* to your territories) with goods and merchandise for commerce, upon the faith of God, and the faith of his apostle (Mohammed), as well as upon the faith of your generous protection.

"This was spread amongst the people of the countries of the whites, and they were rejoiced at it exceedingly; as, also, his majesty, our great king, did praise your good deeds towards his servants, and felt desirous to establish friendly relations and good understanding between you and him, and to cause benefit and gain to accrue by commercial intercourse between his people and the people of your country.

"We have, therefore, now come, through the great sea (river) Qo'wara, with two of the ships of our king, with intention of selling, buying, and trading; and we have brought with us goods and merchandise of the manufactures and arts of our country, for the purpose of procuring and bartering for elephants' teeth, ostriches' feathers, wax, and such other goods of your country which are not to be found in ours.

"We are with you upon (*i. e.* entertain for) every good, peace, and amity, according to the faith of God, and the faith of his apostle (Mohammed); and we only desire from you protection, hospitality, and safety to ourselves and to our companions, in selling and buying; for we are your guests, 'and the guest is always respected for the sake of God.'

"We are willing to pay you the customs and gifts usually imposed in your markets upon all merchants, according to justice and equity; and we will observe your laws and regulations. Therefore, do not injure us, nor will we injure you; as our intention is only the good of, and benefit to, your and our countries, as well as profit to your people and to ours.

"And, after the termination of our trading, and the completion of our business in selling and buying, we will return to our country in peace, and import to you the things which you may desire, and the articles of merchandise which are required by the people of your country, if God be pleased, for the sake of continuing friendship and good understanding between you and our king; and, by the assistance of the generous God, wealth and profit will be increased to you and to us. Amen.

"Dated in the year 1248 of Hejra.

(Signed) "From the dependent upon his God, the captain Richard Lander, servant of the king of the English.

"From the dependent upon his God, the merchant M'Gregor Laird, servant of the king of the English.

"From the dependent upon his God, the master George Harris, servant of the king of the English.

"From the dependent upon his God, the doctor Thomas Briggs, servant of the king of the English."

Translated, London, July 1833.

AB. V. SALAME.

* See the *Korran*.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Causeries sur l'Ecosse; or, Chit-chat upon Scotland. With twelve lithographic Drawings on India paper, and a Vignette of Abbotsford. By J. Ulric. Esq. 4to, pp. 42. Edinburgh, 1833, Blackwood, and Alexander Hill; London, T. Cadell, and R. Ackermann.

THIS is a light, pleasant work, the production of a Swiss gentleman, who is evidently a man of considerable information and taste. The principal object of it is the illustration of some of the most interesting antiquities in Scotland; such as Dunfermline, Melrose Abbey, Holyrood Chapel, the Cathedral of St. Andrews, Dunkeld Cathedral, Aberbrothwick, Roslin, Dryburgh Abbey, Elgin Cathedral, &c. As, however, whatever may be the case with a continental traveller, these remains of the piety and magnificence of former days are sufficiently well known in this country, we prefer those parts of M. Vaucher's work which are of a more general and incidental nature. The following anecdote, we fear, presents but too faithful a picture of the narrow-minded feelings which are frequently generated among rival lairds.

"The pride of landed property exists here to a considerable extent; and the enmities which are the result of differences in political opinion, too often cause it to degenerate into jealousy. Of this I have had I know not how many proofs. Among others, I one day met in a drawing-room Sir T., a Tory, and Mr. F., a Whig, each of whom has a fine estate in a country from which I had lately arrived. 'Did you make any sketches in your tour?' said Sir T. to me. 'I stopped,' was my answer, 'to make a drawing of your house, which is superb; I regretted not to be able to do the same with respect to that of Mr. F., which also presents a very beautiful appearance?' But I was then in the steam-boat." "You would not have been so pleased with it," he replied, smiling, "if you had seen it from the road." A moment after, Mr. F. accosted me, saying, 'Have you been on a visit to Sir T. with whom you were talking?' "No, sir, but I was telling him that in passing I had admired your domain and his." "Bah!" replied Mr. F., "my stables are handsomer than his house!"

M. Vaucher's observations on the true taste by which the style and construction of national edifices ought to be regulated, are exceedingly just. They occur in a conversation which he holds with a Scottish baronet.

"I frankly confess that, seeing the beauty of the materials which you possess, and the fine use which you have made of those materials in some cases, I regret that your national buildings are not more numerous. In some of those buildings, also, the architects appear to me to have been either unfortunate or culpable; unfortunately, if they have been obliged to build in places which would destroy the effect of the noblest structure, or if they have been obliged to follow the ideas of persons who, however profoundly informed in other matters, have neglected the study of the fine arts; culpable, if they have not themselves chosen to adhere to the rules of good architecture, but have abandoned them, either for innovations shunned by the first artists in Europe, or for a load of ornaments almost always absurd. Another point of the greatest importance, which seems to me to have been too much neglected, is the composition of the masses, with reference to the kind of architecture, and to the proportions

which are required by the destination of a building, the site of its erection, and the neighbourhood of other buildings. A simple individual, in building a country house, may procure for himself the pleasing illusion that he is the descendant of a high and mighty feudal lord, by ordering his *façades* to be covered with towers, battlements, and escutcheons; another may honour the remains of a father by placing over his grave a sculptured marble, representing a fortress, coats of arms, &c., and in the midst inscribing, 'To the memory of S—, shoemaker;' those are freaks of little consequence; but in constructing public monuments or establishments, which are connected with the glory of a country, and which will for ages shew its state with regard to the arts, nothing should be yielded to a disturbed imagination, but an effort should be made to leave to the generations to come trophies of which they may be as proud as you yourselves justly are of the ruins of your ancient edifices. 'We are not rich enough,' you perhaps reply. In that case, erect structures proportioned to your means—do not start on a long journey to stop on the road, and if you do not think that an elegant and simple edifice will be sufficient, take care to provide the funds necessary for launching out on a greater scale. I know, on the contrary, a certain recent building—it really seems to me as if they had delighted to spend money upon it in paltry ornaments, and wished to give it the appearance of one of those pasteboard or barley-sugar temples which make a figure in a dessert at *la Française*!"

The description of St. Andrew's is, we fear, fuller of vivacity than St. Andrew's is.

"Are you a golfer? Do you try to golf?" are the first questions put to you on your arrival. I must inform you, my dear friend, that this pastime is so attractive, that a taste for it is easily acquired, and is not relinquished without difficulty; as is evident on the first glance you cast over the green on which the golfers play. Among them you may observe children, anxious to try their strength and dexterity, young and middle aged persons shewing their vigour and superiority, and individuals of more advanced years still playing with pleasure, and affecting not to perceive that their balls stop halfway. In a word, it is a living picture, representing, within the same frame, the past, the present, and the future. Some seem to say 'We shall be,' others 'We are,' the last 'We were;' and all are satisfied."

While at Dunkeld, M. Vaucher observes:—"I have had several rambles on foot in the environs. I have entered several cabins, very smoky, very black, and far from announcing that their tenants were in easy circumstances; but I never knocked at the door without seeing make her appearance a female with a child in her arms and two or three others following her; but almost always shewing that this description of *richesses* was not *un embarrass*. Some of the men have retained the ancient Highland costume. They are right in a national point of view; and, besides, I do not like to see the mountaineers in blue or black coats with narrow-brimmed round hats, any more than cooks, or other women of the lower classes, wearing on Sundays bonnets decorated with veils, and silk gowns with sleeves so large that another dress might be made out of them; and then the people exclaim that they are in poverty! However, to tell the truth, it does appear that almost all persons of this class are destitute of the means of purchasing a single pocket-handkerchief. This uniformity in the costumes of various ranks of the population

will no doubt astonish you on the first day of your arrival in Scotland; because, in spite of that resemblance, a single glance will be sufficient to shew you what you are to think of it; and the dress of the fishermen's wives and daughters crying in the streets of Edinburgh will please you much more than the ostentatious garments of their customers. Frequently, in walking about that capital, coachmen and footmen, in splendid liveries, seated on the box of their carriage with an air of the greatest importance, have made me regret that their masters, in furnishing them with those laced clothes, did not put into one of the pockets the certain article which I have already named, imposing on them the obligation to make use of it."

We are much pleased to observe M. Vaucher's familiarity with the works of Sir Walter Scott, and the zeal with which, in his concluding pages, he advocates the subscription for the preservation of Abbotsford in that illustrious man's family.

The lithographic drawings are pleasing, although they cannot boast of much excellence as works of art.

Design for a National Naval Monument, proposed to be erected in Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross. By Thomas Bellamy, Architect; on stone by L. Haghe.

THIS plate is confined to private circulation, but the subject is so interesting that we cannot refrain from noticing it. Mr. Bellamy justly observes, that, although it is highly improbable that so large an area as Trafalgar Square should remain altogether unappropriated, yet that it would, perhaps, be difficult to quote any situation less available for a public edifice of magnitude; not as regards its eligibility for any particular structure of itself, but as the erection of such structure would affect the building in its immediate vicinity, and for this reason:—a public edifice, to be suited to that situation, would require to be of colossal proportion; in order that it might, as a central feature, take its proper place with relation to the surrounding buildings;—this would carry with it the complete destruction of the views of those objects which combine to render this quadrangle by far the finest in the metropolis. From this objection Mr. Bellamy's proposed monument is free; as it would not be of sufficient elevation to produce the injurious consequences which are so much to be deprecated. "The design consists," Mr. Bellamy states, "of a series of terraces, variously decorated, but all combining to proclaim its specific character. The lowermost terrace is intended chiefly to equalise the levels of the ground; but it also constitutes a very important feature, by presenting an extensive platform to the entire composition. Its decorations are figures of reposing lions, and candelabras of bronze, charged with emblematical devices, and surmounted by spheres. The principal terrace is bounded by a breast-work and pedestals; the latter surmounted by colossal statues, in bronze, of renowned admirals, and bearing sculptured reliefs of dolphins, tridents, and prows of ships. The blocks dividing the steps are surmounted by sea-horses. The third, and most elevated terrace, circumscribes the base of the central circular pedestal, which sustains a seated statue in bronze of his Majesty; and is approached through the four open pavilions which radiate from the octagonal podium, or basement. These pavilions are crowned by trophies in bronze; the steps are flanked by blocks, bearing sea-horses. Each face of the podium between the pavilion is

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enriched by an alto-relievo, illustrative of some signal event in the naval annals of the country, and a recumbent colossal figure, characteristic of one of the four quarters of the globe. These would all be mirrored in the spacious basins which are formed between the radiating pavilions on each face of this division of the design, and from which jets would issue, so as to constitute four distinct fountains." Judging from the print, the effect would be at once magnificent and beautiful.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Works of Lord Byron. Part XVI. Murray.

TURNER, Callcott, Harding, Purser, and Pickersgill, have combined their talents in the production of this beautiful number. "The Tomb of Cecilia Metella," "the Gulf of Salamis," and "Rome," are very charming. "Mr. Murray, publisher of Lord Byron's works," (painted by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A., engraved by E. Finden), is a pleasing portrait of a gentleman who is not less esteemed by his numerous friends for his kind and social qualities, than he is distinguished by the extent and value of the various publications which have been introduced to the world under his auspices; and whose intimate acquaintance and connexion with one of the greatest poets that ever lived in this or any other age or country, will serve (without hieroglyphics) to emblazon his name and character to the latest posterity.

Sketches of Napier's glorious Triumph over the Migueltie Squadron. Designed and drawn on stone by G. P. Reinagle. Dickinson.

ALTHOUGH, of course, (as indeed is probably the case in more important compositions of a similar nature,) Mr. Reinagle can have had but little guide in the representation of this daring exploit except his own imagination,—he has nevertheless produced a pair of clever prints, which we have no doubt will be popular.

Baines's History of the County Palatine of Lancaster. Division Sixth.

A NUMBER of pleasing illustrations, both landscape and portrait, embellish this division of Mr. Baines's interesting topographical work. The portrait of the late Mr. Huskisson, engraved by J. Cochran, from a picture painted by J. Graham only three months before Mr. Huskisson's death, is a very strong and characteristic resemblance.

The Gallery of the Graces. Part VI. Tilt.

Or the three beauties to whom we are here presented, although we have much admiration for "Eleanor" and "the Fair Patrician," yet we confess that "Nature's Favourite" is decidedly ours.

Mrs. Sherwood. M. Maskall.

A LITHOGRAPHIC portrait, by a lady, of the amiable and well-known writer on the subjects of religion and education. We have no doubt that it is a good resemblance.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Passions; being Six Songs, &c. The Poetry by Joseph Lunn: the Music by G. F. Stansbury, T. Cooke, J. Parry, F. W. Horncastle, J. C. Clifton, and E. Taylor. The Illustrations by Robert J. Hamerton. London, 1833. Goulding and D'Almaine.

Or the literary portion of this production we have spoken in its proper place; but we have still a few remarks to offer upon the music,

which we shall take in the order in which the several compositions occur. We are sorry we cannot compliment Stansbury on his song "Love;" which is indeed a string of commonplace musical phrases as hackneyed as the subject, and by no means so pleasing. It is a great mistake to rely on memory rather than imagination for the supply of materials: though put together with skill, from ever so many sources, they are, it is true, literally "composition," but not that sort of composition which stands high in music. Yet very many of our present race of composers fall into this error; the very reverse of original sin, and perhaps more to be deprecated. The recitative to T. Cooke's song, "Hate," is very good; and the air showy and easy—two qualities well calculated to render it a favourite with a very numerous class of players, singers, and hearers. "Joy," by Parry, is as hilarious as could be wished. The melody is simple, but pleasing; and the chorus at the end completes the jovial effect in a consonant style. There are some passages of considerable beauty in the song "Grief," by Horncastle; but the general effect would have been improved if he had been more sparing of chromatic progressions, the too frequent recurrence of which renders the composition rather heavy—the monotony of grief. Much variety and a brilliant accompaniment are the recommendations of Clifton's song, "Hope." Last, not least, "Despair," by E. Taylor, is a valuable addition to our stock of songs for a bass voice. The recitative is very impressive; the air flowing, yet not familiar, and the arrangement altogether excellent.

With so much of interest and of unusual merit, need we add that this volume deserves a place on every music-stand? We have little doubt it will find one far and wide, and be justly appreciated wherever it is seen.

Novello's Mass in C, for Four Voices; with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte, No. 1.

How many delightful musical associations are connected with the name of Novello! The rich and varied beauties of Mozart's and Haydn's masses, the sublime choral fugues of Pergolesi, Leo, and Durante, the twelve books of motetts, containing specimens of all that is admirable in vocal music, from the graceful and expressive solo to the majestic chorus; these, and numerous other productions of kindred excellence, come thronging at once to the memory of the amateur, and remind him of the debt of gratitude he owes to one whose editorial labours have placed within his reach so many sources of refined pleasure.

Mr. Novello's superior skill and judgment as an arranger have been long undisputed; but his merit as a composer is less generally understood. We therefore regard with much satisfaction the re-production of this mass, which was originally published in one of the composer's former collections of music for the Catholic service, and was then adapted for three voices only. The counter-tenor part, which was that omitted in the first edition, has now been added, and the work thus rendered complete. To the majority of the musical public the mass is altogether unknown; and those who were acquainted with it in its original form will find much that is new in the filling up, though the outline remains the same.

It was well worth the pains which have evidently been bestowed on this arrangement, as it abounds with graceful melody, refined harmony, and that appropriateness of expression, that nice adaptation of sound to sense, which

is one of the highest attributes of vocal music, especially of the sacred class.

The "Kyrie," a sweet and solemn movement in C minor, contrasts well with the change to the major key at the opening of the "Gloria." The "Cum Sancto Spiritu," "Et resurrexit," "Et vitam," and "Hosanna," are all excellent fugues on spirited subjects. There is a good sprinkling of solos for the various voices; among the most effective of which is that for the bass in the "Gloria." But the gem of the work is the "Agnus Dei," a short, but lovely movement, containing a solo for the tenor in A minor, and another for the treble in A major, which would have been worthy of Mozart himself. The "Dona nobis pacem" is not a separate movement, but forms the conclusion of the "Agnus Dei," and is set with admirably correct taste to a few simple notes, sung and accompanied *piano*, and in slow time. This sort of style has always appeared to us the only appropriate mode of expressing the placid character of the words; and it seems strange that even the finest composers should so frequently have chosen to set a prayer for peace, as a loud and vivacious chorus or elaborate fugue. In addition to its merits as a vocal composition, this mass contains many movements excellently adapted for organ voluntaries, as the style is smooth and flowing, and the passages generally lie well under the hand.

At the end of the mass are a "Domine" and "Tantum ergo," which are in a corresponding style and character, and possess much merit. Q.

DRAMA.

THE Drama rather languishes at this season of the year, but is still flourishing fairly enough in our lesser houses. The Victoria has succeeded in a great point—making that which was the resort of *strange* people, not only a respectable and fashionable place of entertainment, but one where good pieces and good acting may be seen. The English Opera has produced *Lo Zingaro*; a musical affair, not out of the common way, but an agreeable change. At the Haymarket, *My Wife's Mother* continues to haunt every family man; though some like *The Housekeeper*, (and Miss Taylor is certes admirable in that part), and others stay to laugh at Buckstone's *Nicholas*. The Opera closes to night. Last Saturday there was a medley; but the house was crammed, and Pasta won a bunch of flowers.

Paganini concluded his performances at Covent Garden on Thursday. We received the compliment of an invitation on Friday morning, and regret not having heard the *finale* of this extraordinary and unrivalled musician.

VARIETIES.

Welsh Flannel: A Rational Reason for Marrying.—"How could you do so imprudent a thing," said the curate to a very poor Taffy; "what reason could you have for marrying a girl as completely steeped in poverty as yourself, and both without the prospect of the slightest provision?" "Why, sir," replied the Benedict, "we had a very good reason: we had a blanket a-piece; and as the cold winter weather was coming on, we thought that putting them together would be warmer."

Greenwich: White Bait.—Greenwich and Lovegrove's white bait—the air, the river, and the entertainments, if the party be agreeable, always inspire wit. The other day, at one of

these symposia, a fair and economic dame would not allow a second tart to be cut, and placed it under her own near protection for safety; when a gentleman, starting up, exclaimed, "Heavens! look at that boat, how fast it goes!" Her attention was caught away, and so was the tart. "Well," said another, "whatever may be thought of the velocity of that boat, I am sure it is a pie-rate!"

Nitella Lyalina.—In the botanical, &c. excursion down the Cam, mentioned in our last, as the conclusion of the proceedings of the British Association, M. Agardh discovered the *Nitella Lyalina*, not previously known to be a British plant. A very similar species is common in the same fen.

The Truth.—We recently saw a letter from an unfortunate man who had addicted himself to drinking as a solace: it was to a boon companion, in these words: "My dear Tom,—I am alone to-night; come and help me to destroy myself with some famous brandy." The note, when shewn to us, was six weeks old, and posthumous.

Washington Irving.—We have not found opportunity for ascertaining the period and extent of the accident which this amiable and accomplished writer is reported to have met with; but we have a letter from himself late in June (22d), at which time he was as unhurt as his friends could desire.

Charles Byrne, Esq.—We lament to have to announce the premature and sudden death of this gentleman, at Lancaster Place, on Thursday, after an illness of only fifteen hours. He fell a victim to the malignant cholera. Mr. Byrne was only twenty-five years of age; and a son of the late Mr. N. Byrne, so long proprietor and editor of the *Morning Post* newspaper. His tastes were altogether literary, and he was a great admirer and acute critic of theatrical performances. The lively and entertaining sketches called "Unheeded Stage Effects," which have appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, were contributed by him; and we believe he wrote many clever things in the *Morning Post*, and other periodicals. His name stood on the books of the Garrick Club for ballot this day; such is the dread uncertainty of human life—his election lies in the grave!

Cavern.—The Irish journals contain a story of the discovery of a splendid cavern, in the limestone, about seven miles from Caher, and six from Mitchelstown, on the old line of road. It is described to be about forty or fifty feet below the surface, and at the end of a long gallery, sloping nine hundred feet in length, forty to fifty in width, and thirty to forty in height, (which of course lowers the site) to open into a glorious cave of a mile in area. The account of this phenomenon is so poetical, that we know not whether to believe it an entire fiction, or an exaggeration of a stalactitical cavern. The writers say, that it "is supported by about one hundred and fifty crystal columns," (O, for Aladdin's lamp!) with a crystal table in the middle, and "crystal candelabras of the most curious description." Below this is another cave, "three quarters of a mile in circumference, supported like the former by lofty pillars, and decorated with the most fanciful productions!" Beyond this is "a hall," ascended by eight steps, and still more astonishing. It is three miles about, "supported by innumerable pillars, and adorned with almost perfect imitations of all that art and nature presents to our view!" In the centre, depending from the roof, is a petrefaction "resembling the body of a horse; through

which, at the distance of fifteen feet from the floor, issues a stream of pure water," which meanders and disappears. Then there is a long cave, a mile and a half long; and another cave with a deep river—all of which we wish we could see.

The Printers' Pension Society.—The sixth anniversary of this excellent charity took place at the London Tavern on Wednesday; Mr. E. L. Bulwer in the chair. About seventy sat down to dinner; after which, and the usual toasts, Mr. Bulwer drank "Prosperity to the Society," prefacing the sentiment with an eloquent speech. Mr. Henry Bulwer, Mr. Chas. Knight, and others, also addressed the meeting in an animated manner and with great effect. The talents of the chairman thus exhibited in a cause so congenial to his literary pursuits, and indeed his zeal in every thing which has the benefit of the press in view, are the best means for attaining high popularity. We had to regret our inability to attend: the fund only needs to be known to be generally supported.

Durham University.—The Dean and Chapter have confirmed their intention of opening the University in Michaelmas Term; and the Foundation Students are to appear for examination in October. The following appointments have been already made:—Archdeacon Thorp, Warden of the University; Rev. J. Carr, M.A. Cambridge, Mathematical Professor; C. Whiteley, M.A. Cambridge, Reader in Natural Philosophy; Rev. James Miller, M.A. St. Andrew's, Reader in Moral Philosophy; W. Gray, M.A. Oxford, Reader in Law; W. Cooke, M.D. Reader in Medicine; T. Greenwood, M.A. Cambridge, Reader in History and Polite Literature; Rev. Luke Ripley, M.A. Cambridge, Bursarius; J. F. W. Johnson, Esq. Lecturer in Chemistry; Mr. Hamilton, Lecturer in Modern Languages.

Mr. Wilberforce.—During the three weeks preceding the decease of Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Joseph, the sculptor, was living with him at Bath; and he succeeded in modelling a bust, which, notwithstanding the difficulties attending its execution, has given great satisfaction to his family and friends.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We gave our candid opinion of "Godolphin," which certain people impugned. We won't assert whether we are fallible or no; but as all mysteries possess a charm, we will do the author the good turn of quoting his preface to the second edition:—"The composition, or the compilation, of this work has been attributed to various persons, some of note sufficient to make me fancy that it has a merit of which I was not at first properly aware. It is not for me to contradict such flattering reports. Let me content myself with laughing in my sleeve at the mistakes that have occurred in affixing a founding which can make but one step from the cradle to the grave. The real writer of 'Godolphin' is yet, and ever will be, unrevealed. He enjoys the satisfaction of giving to the world the fruit of his thoughts, his speculations, and his experience—he leaves to others the responsibility of his errors. Some, indeed, say, that this book is a trifle of Mr. Bulwer, or a bantling he has good reason to disown. I have heard it attributed to Colonel Caradoc—and to Mr. Norton—to the Turkish Ambassador—and to the joint labours of Mr. — who is living, and Lady Caroline L.— who is no more. I suspect that none of these conjectures are right; but I am so much pleased with them all, that I will not venture decidedly to contradict one of them. This much will I say, that as no woman would have written some parts of the book, so no man could have written the whole; and that it is soberly and *bona fide* far more of a biography than a romance. One who writes from experience cannot imitate; and yet, perhaps, he (I use the masculine gender for convenience) cannot wholly escape the style and manner adopted by his contemporaries. The same causes that formed the fashion in which they express themselves, formed also his own method of thought, and peculiarities of diction. I see the principle and moral of one book slowly working their way. To tell truth of one period, is to prophesy

the events of the next. Adieu, reader; wouldst thou see me unmasked,—the muses come behind the scenes of this world; and when the lamps are out, and the curtain dropped, thou shalt know me for what I am. But there is only one authority who can admit you behind those scenes—and his name is—Death!" Long be it averted! for though we condemned the (in our opinion) errors of the work, we never questioned its talent; and sure we are that "he" who could produce it, even on a mistaken plan or principle, will not fail, if he write again, to afford great public gratification.—*Ed. L. G.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I have been much surprised at seeing the manner in which you have introduced my name into your report of the meeting at Cambridge. Now, as I have never directly or indirectly said anything that could lead any person to believe that I claimed being the first to produce the spark from a magnet, I must request that you will take the earliest opportunity to correct the ill-feeling towards me that your remarks are so well calculated to produce.

With regard to the article you allude to, as going the rounds of the newspapers, I can only say that I have never seen it before, nor have I any knowledge of where it came from. I only shewed the decomposition of water as a thing not before done in London. The only thing that I claim as new is the particular arrangement of the parts of the machine with which I produced the decomposition of water; and as it was contrived without any knowledge of what Plixid had done, and believing it to be a far superior machine to his, or any that has yet been made, I shall continue to claim it until it is shewn that a similar one has been made before.

I am, &c.

J. SAKTON.

An accident compels us to postpone our review of Demetrius, by Miss Strickland; which, in the meantime, we beg to recommend to the admirers of female talent and the lovers of poetry.

The Hebrew Manual, Lexicon noticed in our last was, we observe, imported from America by Mr. Groombridge, and not by Mr. Rich, as we previously thought.

We had printed Mr. Booth's (of Reading) account of the successful cultivation of *apianum* from Mr. Nutt's plan by the Marquess of Blandford; but as a similar statement has appeared in the newspapers, our correspondent must be content with our thanks and the trouble we had taken.

ERRATUM.—Page 462, concluding line of Review in col. 3, for "Cooper of Fogs," read "Cooper of Fogo;" it is an old Scots saying, and the wish implies that the son may become a better man than his father.

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